

The Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Who Pays the Taxes?

A Reply to Professor Leacock

BY DR. MICHAEL CLARK, M.P.



What is Religion?

BY REV. DR. WORKMAN



Sane Investments

Some Opinions



Around the World in Nine Hours

A Humorous Story

BY PETER THE AVIATOR



A Glance at the New Plays

BY J. E. WEBBER



Northern Ontario

With New Photographs



News Features

Photographs

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Oft in the Chilly Night

There are many prospects more enhancing than a chilly trip to the kitchen—when baby makes his wants known, generally just about the time sleep seems sweetest. An electric milk warmer on the table in your bedroom will heat the milk in a jiffy. Made in polished nickel, perfectly hygienic, and as easily cleaned as a cup. It heats shaving water or any other liquid equally well. Ask at the Comfort Number.

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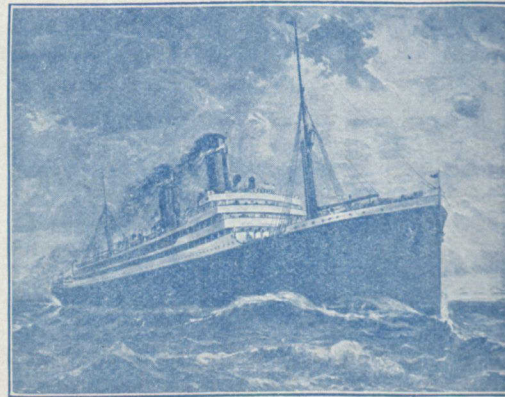
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For all information apply to steamship agents, or to the following general agents of the Company: H. C. Bourlier, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.; Guy Tombs, Canadian Northern Building, Montreal, Que.; P. Mooney, 123 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S.; A. H. Davis, 272 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

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The touring car carries five passengers, the torpedo, four. Both are of the new fore-door design, built roomy and comfortable, with distinctive lines that lend themselves admirably to fine painting effects.

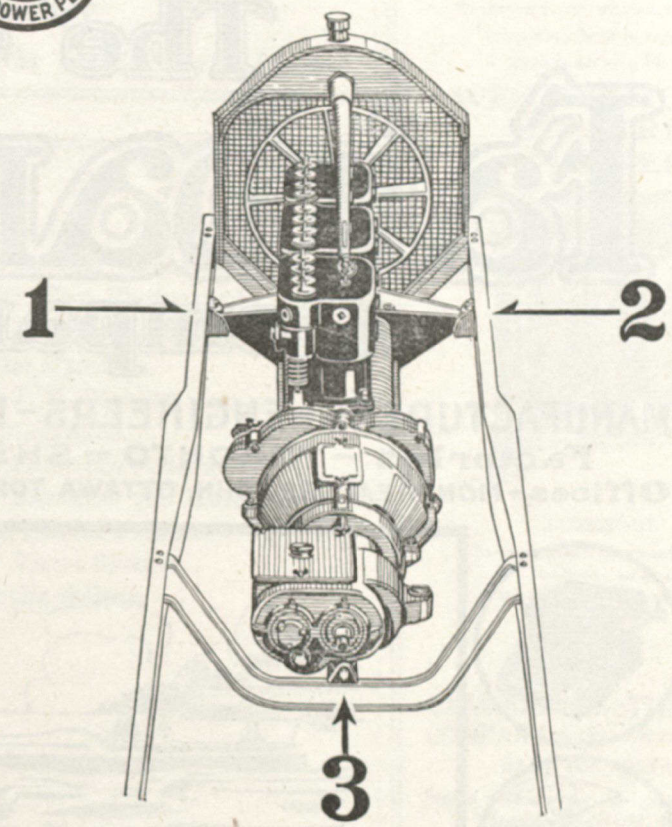
Peerless cars for 1912 include three six-cylinder models and two four-cylinder models, with open and enclosed bodies varying widely in style and carrying capacity. Ask for a copy of the new catalog.

The Peerless clutch engages smoothly, without shock to the transmission or axle, and being light and perfectly balanced stops rotating as soon as it is disengaged so that the gears may be shifted noiselessly. It is from such refinement in motor car mechanism that the fullest measure of satisfactory service is derived.

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Have you ever been annoyed by the wobbling of a four-legged table on an uneven floor? That cannot happen with a three-legged table.

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It immediately and automatically adjusts itself to the inequalities of the road and resulting unequal levels of the frame.

The Stevens-Duryea Power Plant can't get twisted out of alignment. This means that the bearings are not worn out quickly, the power is not wasted, and the mechanism not unduly strained.

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1912 Catalogue explains still more fully. Demonstrations by appointment.

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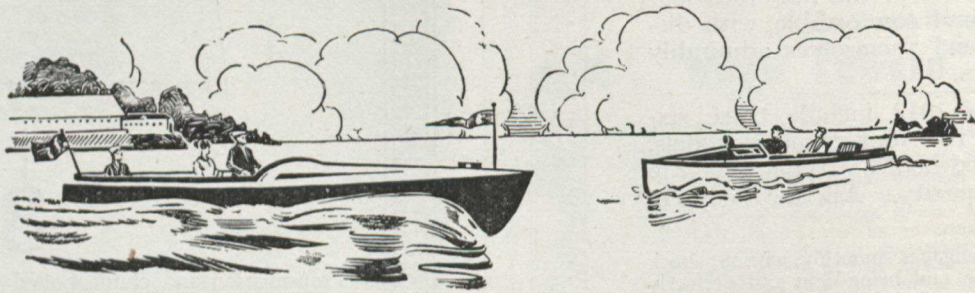
are complete in themselves—they will not skid. They combine perfect safety with durability and because of their extreme thickness are seldom punctured.

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Have it built to your order, exactly as you want it. Tell us what length, style and speed you wish, and our Designing Department will submit drawings and estimate.

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The pleasure you get out of Motor Boating, depends most of all on the *engine*. Fairbanks-Morse Marine Engines have given pleasure and satisfaction to over one hundred thousand users. Our new Catalogue 23C is nearly ready for mailing. Send us your name and address.

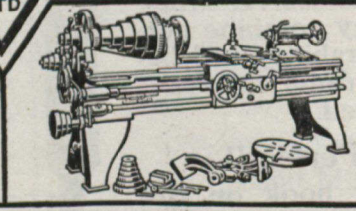
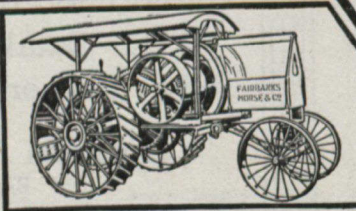
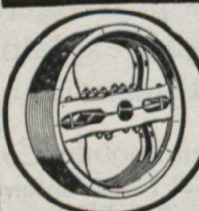
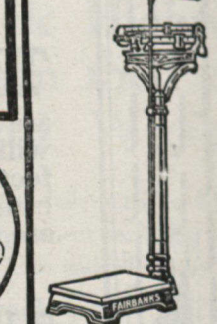
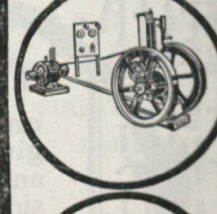
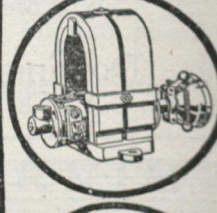
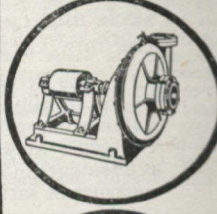
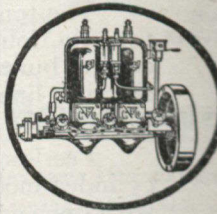
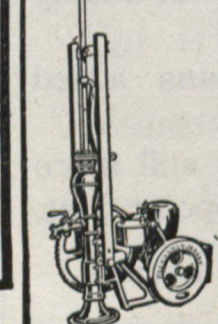
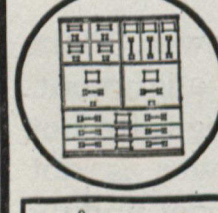
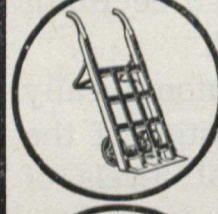
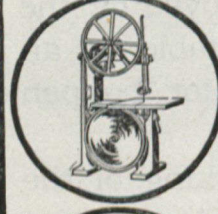
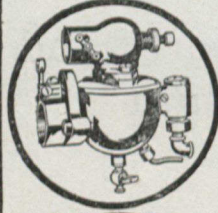
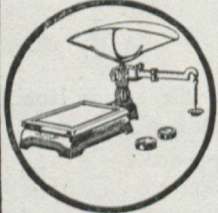
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We carry in stock everything to properly equip Motor Boats, Automobiles, Launches, Cruisers and Speed Boats. A new Catalogue of Accessories 24C is almost complete. May we add your name to our mailing list?

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Old Dutch Cleanser

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Because the Cleanser immediately takes off all rust and tar-nish, and the metal surface then readily takes a gleaming lustre with a few moments' rubbing.

Apply some Old Dutch Cleanser with a wet cloth or brush; rub slightly, then wipe dry. Use dry as a polish. In this way you can easily keep brass, nickle, copper, steel, tin and aluminum bright and shining. (Not recommended for silverware.)



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 13

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Editor's Talk

PROFESSOR LEACOCK'S series of three articles on the subject, "Who Pays the Taxes?" has presented this problem in a very clear and informing way. The professor's sympathy is with modern forms of indirect taxation, although he recognizes that the mixing of protection and taxation is not ideal.

Dr. Michael Clark, M.P., whose first reply to Professor Leacock appears in this week's issue, does not believe in indirect taxation. He points out the difference between the Canadian and British tariffs and then proceeds to deal generally with the advisability of mixing taxation and protection. We believe that every fair-minded reader of the "Canadian Courier" will be glad of the opportunity of comparing the views of two expert economists who look at this subject from almost opposite viewpoints.

* * *

Prof. Workman states that his article, which appears this week, is not intended to "startle" any person. He does not wish to be sensational in even the slightest degree. His intention is rather to examine this subject—"What is Religion?"—in a simple, straightforward way which will appeal to the average man and woman. He is not advocating or announcing new doctrines. He is simply clearing up misconceptions. There will be two articles in this series, and the second will appear next week.

* * *

Again we take the liberty of quoting from congratulatory letters received recently. Mr. J. T. Sadler, of Montreal, writes: "Please find enclosed my subscription to the 'Courier' for another year. Your paper is an ever-welcome visitor and I am pleased to hear that your efforts for a real Canadian paper are meeting with success. As an old subscriber I can easily see the great progress that has been made in improving the paper every week. May greater success attend your efforts."

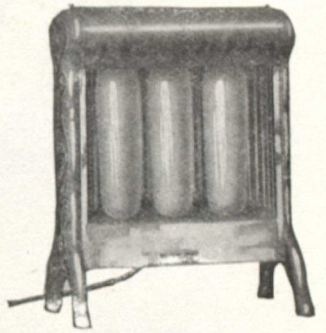
Mr. W. S. Fisher, of St. John, N.B., writes: "The 'Courier' is doing well and growing more interesting all the time. My family look with interest for each issue and enjoy it very much. I congratulate you on its success."



For the Chilly Days of Spring

for the bath-room, the invalid's apartment, the nursery, or wherever extra or temporary heat is required there is nothing like a

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC HEATER



LUMINOUS
Safe, regular, constant, clean
No fumes or dust
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CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY—LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO
Stores: Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax

Anyone Can Grow Potatoes

Well, maybe they can. But they don't. That's why potatoes are so high.

The best potato land in the world is in the Fraser River Valley and the highest price I know of is paid in Vancouver, a few miles away.

You can make \$600 an acre if you want to do so

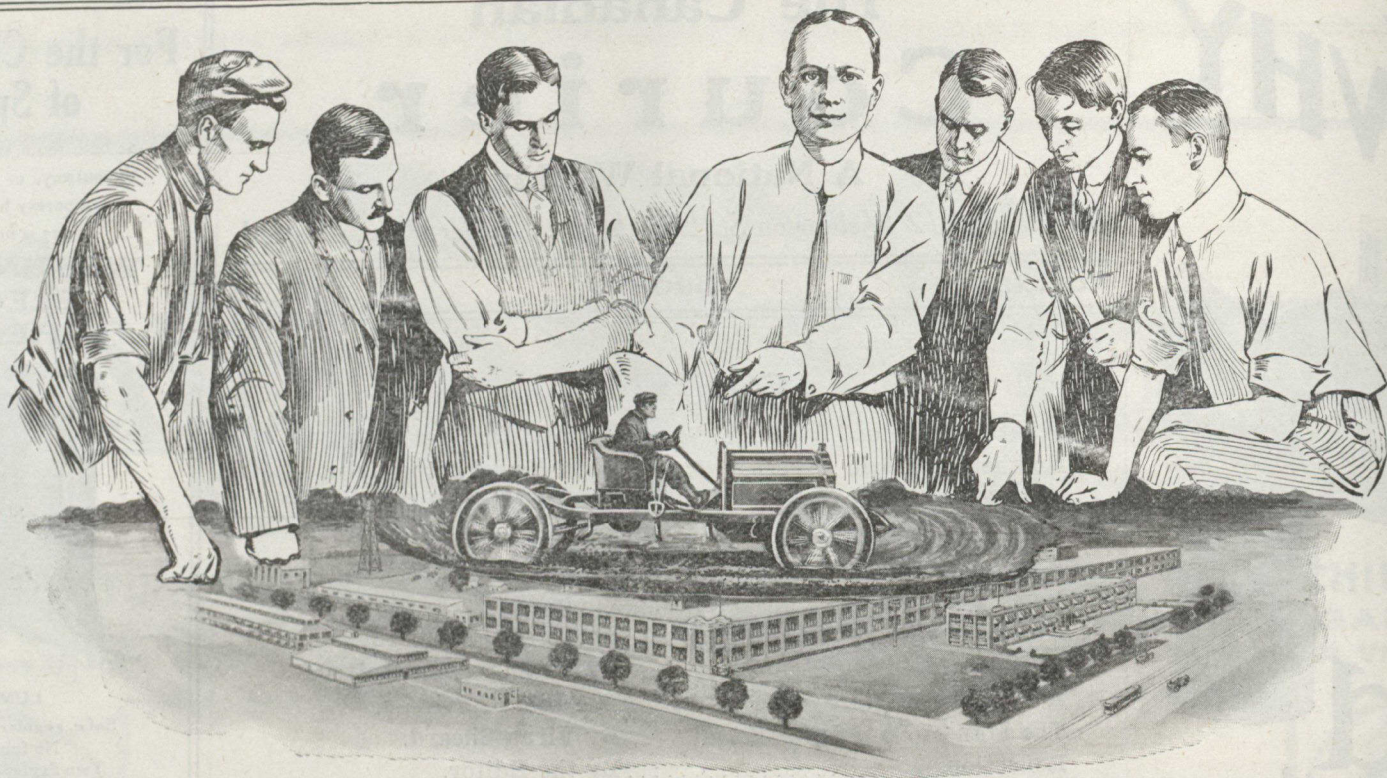
Potato growing is a pleasant occupation, and is largely followed by people of all classes who have grown tired of the unnatural life of the cities. Five acres of land is plenty.

I will tell you how to grow potatoes and how to get the land without paying out to exceed \$200, if you want to know and will write me saying so.

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8 PER Regal Oval Top FOOT Ornamental Lawn Fence
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 77 York St., Toronto.



This Body of Engineers Builds a New "33" Self-Starting

Howard E. Coffin and his Board of Engineers have built their master car—a car you start by merely pressing a button.

These men practice the highest engineering principles the world knows.

Engineers from abroad come here to study under these men. Their chief—like Thomas A. Edison in electricity—drives the milestones of automobile advancement. He and his men in other years designed the motors for more than a dozen manufacturers. Eighty per cent. of all the better quality American cars have on them features designed by Mr. Coffin.

He had *previously* built five famous cars—the industry's leaders. Each, in their time, was the car of the year. They were so far ahead of their day that several are still sold as leaders in their class.

The latest and greatest achievement of these skilled engineers is the **New Self-Starting HUDSON "33."**

You Press a Button to Start the Motor

That explains the operation.

A child can do it as easily as it can push a button that rings an electric bell.

It is like switching on the current that runs an electric fan.

Yet the self-starting device of the New HUDSON "33" is not operated by electricity nor it is operated by compressed air.

It has neither the weight nor complications common to all starters of those types.

It weighs but 4½ pounds and has only 12 parts. Electric starters weigh 175 to 200 pounds—as much as the weight of an extra passenger. Compressed air starters weigh 60 to 75 pounds.

Starts Instantly in Winter

Our engineers tested all types of self-starters. None other was acceptable.

This one started the motor 98 times in every 100 trials. Thousands of tests were made. Cold weather did not affect it. A motor was kept in cold storage for a week. The temperature was 5 degrees below freezing. Ice covered the cylinders. But the motor started at the first operation of the starter.

Other types were not so successful.

As any owner of a New Self-starting HUDSON "33" how his self-starter operates these cold days.

All distinctive features cannot be enumerated here. Their number is too great. But among them is an advance design which eliminates almost 1,000 parts—demountable rims—BIG tires—an accessibility that puts all important parts and all oiling places within easy reach. Enclosed valves, dust proof bearings throughout. Fan in fly wheel. A clutch so good that drivers never know they have a clutch, because of its freedom from trouble.

The Quietest, Simplest and Handsomest of All

It is the quietest automobile built. It has power that will shoot it—with full load—up mountain sides—through sand and mud and always with a sensation of strength and of flying that is utterly lacking in many cars.

The springs are of the most flexible, yet non-breakable, vanadium steel. People compare the New HUDSON "33" in riding comfort to cars of double its weight and cost.

It is pronounced by experts as the most graceful in line of any car regardless of price. In finish, in upholstery and in every detail of luxurious convenience it ranks in the class of \$2,500 automobiles.

Haven't you at least a curiosity to see Howard E. Coffin's New HUDSON "33."

Its great simplicity will be a revelation to you.

At all the important automobile shows this year it will have its most advantageous display, for there it can, at close hand, be compared with all other cars.

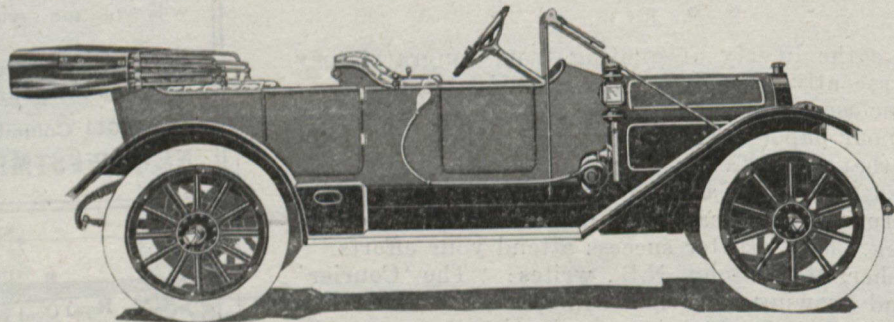
Printed descriptions — advertised promises and pictures are often too alluring and many cars do not fulfill the expectations the advertising has created.

We cannot do justice to the car in a printed description, and therefore ask you to go to see it, compare it with other cars you think well of.

You will marvel at the value Mr. Coffin has incorporated in this last creation.

Go see the New Self-Starting HUDSON "33" NOW. So popular was his last year's "33" that more than 2,000 failed to get the cars they had ordered, for we could not build them fast enough.

We are leaders to-day in the number of new cars delivered and still the shortage continues. Better see the New HUDSON "33" before all these models too are sold.



The price for either of three models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger or Roadster, two-passenger, is \$2150 duty paid, F.O.B. Detroit. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the New HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7342 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Distributors: Dominion Auto Co., Toronto, Ont.

Motor Import Co., Montreal, Que.

Canadian Motor Sales Co., Regina, Sask.

Vancouver Island Auto Co., Victoria, B.C.

Atlantic Auto Co., Amherst, N.S.

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

February 24, 1912

No. 13

FOR CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT



On Thursday February 8th 250 members of the Ontario Good Roads Association thronged the House of Commons and asked Premier Borden to supplement the Provincial grant to assist in maintaining the 50,000 miles of public highways in Ontario.



At the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association in Ottawa Mr. John Hendry of Vancouver was elected President for next year. The Association passed resolutions impressing upon the government the need of a National forestry laboratory, and more rigid attention to the qualifications of employes engaged in forestry work.

Photographs by Pittaway.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINE HOURS

A Modern So-Called Humorous Short Story

By PETER, THE AVIATOR

[Of an Urban Robinson]

Sketches by JOE SHEARD

I WILL go back three years in my life as an aeronaut and inventor, to the evening before my wedding day. We were sitting—Abbie and I—on her Pa's verandah, and we were not isolated from each other by any means; in fact, we were very much likethis. It was August the third. In the East—yes, I am quite sure it was in the East—the harvest moon (how appropriate and perfectly lovely it was that it should have been the harvest moon, for was this not the culmination, the harvest, of our courtship?) was doing her very biggest to expose us. But what did we care for exposure? There wasn't a blamed thing to be ashamed of: Her pa knew it; her ma knew it; Tom, Dick, Harry, Rose, Jean, and Mary knew it; Abbie herself knew it; and I knew it—so did the Reverend Mr. Whipperin, and a few others.

Abbie was a dear girl and no one knows how I longed to take her away on a prolonged honeymoon trip after the ceremonies on the morrow. But I simply could not do it, don't you know. I was as poor as Job's turkey (if you can tell me just how poor that was), for I was an inventor. You know that until an inventor invents something that will kill more folks than it benefits, he is always of necessity a poor man. I knew it; Abbie knew it; they all knew it. But I was living in high expectation. I had been working for a whole year on an invention which I had so far perfected that it wouldn't quite work; but I was confident; I was sanguine; I was—oh, for a fitting climax just here!

"My dearest Abbie," I whispered to her, as we sat together ensconced in a big deep rustic rocker, "you know how dearly I would like to take you on an extended wedding tour—it will not seem like a wedding without it—but I simply can't do it, don't you know. I haven't much more of the wherewithal than would take us for three rides on the merry-go-round; but when I get this air-ship perfected—which won't be but a few months now—I will take you on the jimmidiest bridal tour you ever, you ever—had."

Abbie was a sensible girl, a "deuced fine girl with none of your biggod nonsense about her," and she drew in a long, joyful breath and exclaimed:

"Oh, Peter dear, do you really mean it?"

"I mean it, Abbie dear."

"And in your airship?"

"Yes, in my airship."

"And where will we go?" to Europe?"

"Yes, to Europe—and, perhaps, around the world."

"Oh, my!"

NOW that's my introduction to the story. (You will observe that I haven't even intimated one blamed thing about the "plot"; but I don't believe in plots; there's altogether too much plotting in life as it is, don't you think?) Here goes for the "development."

As I said before, three years have passed away since that "fatal" day, and all that I prophesied—and even more—has come to pass. Only last night we returned from our belated honeymoon trip around the world in my airship—and we did it in just nine hours.

Who would have dreamed, even a decade ago, that airships would be skylarking around through the atmosphere by this time? Of course, these so-called aviators who have been making hash of themselves by the scores for the amusement of folks terrestrial, these past two or three years, haven't got hold of the secret of flying. Only the Wright brothers and my humble self have cracked that nut—and I may add that I found the kernel long before those Wright brothers had ever conceived of such a thing. Why, I've been working on my motorless biplane for four years, and more than that, I've got her perfected.

Wow! wasn't I mad when I first saw in the paper, a few months ago, that Orville Wright had gone up in the teeth of an fifty-mile-an-hour gale in his motorless biplane, and had remained motionless at a height of nearly two hundred feet, for ten minutes? Even that very day I had been trying my own machine on my own aviation grounds—and with disastrous results. But I was never the fellow to become discouraged by a little thing like that. It only drove the spurs into me. I simply could not accept defeat. I got mad, and say, for the next

two or three days I did more thinking than Thomas A. Edison ever thunked. I was almost afraid my head would "bust."

But no! Excelsior!

One week from that day I had a machine that would fly as gracefully as a swallow.

"Who wants a machine that will go up in a fifty-mile-an-hour gale and remain motionless, stationary, I'd like to know," I thought, and said, as I hugged myself. "What good would that do me? I want a machine that will go, and go like the very—old Harry—as mine does."

Of course I was elated at my success. I danced; I pranced; I charged like the grand entry at a circus; I ran into the house like a thing possessed;



"She took the air like a live thing."

I picked up Abbie (who was busy peeling potatoes for dinner) as if she were a rag doll; carried her around the kitchen over my shoulder half-a-dozen times, and then, setting her on the steel range, announced hilariously:

"Abbie, dear Abbie, I've got it at last. All I need to do is to decorate my Bird of Paradise and we're off on our trip around the world to-morrow."

With all the dear girl's confidence in me, she could not, for a moment, but remonstrate in tones of wonderment:

"But it isn't possible, Peter dear!"

"Yes, it is possible; I've just tried her, and she goes at least three thousand miles an hour. We can start to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, take a little circle around our glorious Canada, just to show you how Birdie sails; and then, if you like it, we'll hie away for our twenty-five thousand mile trip. What do you say?"

Now Abbie was always a great girl for adventure. She was always in for sport; but this looked a little too risky, even for her. I thought I detected a slight pallor in her usually rosy cheeks.

"I think I'd like to see how she works first; let's



"Imagine our joyful anticipation as we decided upon our route."

take a little trial spin this afternoon," she suggested. "Abbie, you're a brick," I said. "Come on; I'll take you up right now. Dinner will wait a few minutes."

WELL, sir, the brave girl took me up at my offer, and away we went for the shed where my machine was kept. After running it out, I wound up the clock-work mechanism which controlled the planes or wings, put my foot on the rudder-trip to see that the old girl's tail would rise and dip to suit me, lifted Abbie into her seat, pushed the machine along a few yards to see if everything was working to my complete satisfaction, and then jumped up beside her and grasped the controlling levers.

She took the air like a live thing, and in a second or two we were rising rapidly above the orchard trees. She worked like a charm. But if I was delighted, Abbie was ecstatic. I want you to understand that the nose of my machine was no ordinary pole with a ten-pound bag of sand attached at the end—like that of young Wright's—but rather had I fashioned it more like the neck and head of a graceful flamingo, with a gilded twelve-pound cannon ball inserted in its bill. Then, too, the white planes and "tail" were constructed bird fashion.

"All she lacks is the feathers, Peter dear, and she will be, indeed, a Bird of Paradise," said Abbie, joyfully, as we sailed—or rather whizzed—over the little villages of Brantford, Hamilton and Toronto, and then circled around over Lake Simcoe, Georgian Bay, Grey and Bruce counties, London, Woodstock, Norwich, Teeterville, and then home.

"How long have we been away, Peter?" asked the dear girl, stepping down lightly and embracing me with great ardency.

"Just fifteen minutes exactly," I said, glancing at my watch. "We can easily make the trip round the world in nine hours. Will you go to-morrow?"

"But, Peter, suppose the thing—the Bird of Paradise—would collapse when we were in mid-ocean," she protested mildly.

"She won't do it, Abbie dear," I assured her, "and if she does, why we can use the planes for sails and the bird will float like a swan."

"But suppose the works run down?"

"Can't I wind them up again? They're good for twenty-four hours, anyway, and we won't be gone more than ten at the outside."

"Around the whole world—twenty-five thousand miles?"

"Yes, and a few side-trips thrown in. Will you do it? All you have to do is to say yes, and I go out after dinner to tack on the feathers."

She answered without hesitation:

"Peter, dear, I will never desert you; and, besides, though I haven't mentioned it, I've been just dying to travel, especially on the Continent. I'll fix up the dearest little lunch—but" (and here she looked somewhat dismayed—"what about my trousseau, Peter?")

"Oh, just throw on your sealskin jacket and your harem skirt, and you're all hunkadory. You will not be exposed to harsh criticisms long at any one place, I can assure you."

THAT evening, imagine if you can, our joyful anticipation as we decided upon our route. Not having previously seen any more of Canada than our own Ontario, we decided to first take a swoop over the great North-West, return by Hudson's Bay and Labrador to the Maritime Provinces, cut South into the United States, and then—but pshaw! I don't want to spoil this story; I must keep my readers in a state of expectancy, a state of suspense. I must finish strong.

Did I forget to say "the time was in June when birds hummed a tune?" Well, so it was, and the morning—the tenth—was a Jim-dandy. With not a cloud to obstruct us, we could go right up to glory if we thought fit. The air, too, was soft and still. As we left the house at eight o'clock sharp, Abbie, wearing a neat little blue cap, her sealskin and harem, and carrying in one hand an eight by ten lunch-box, and in the other a Canadian flag and a pair of field-glasses, was in high glee; I, likewise. And why not, I'd like to know. We were about to

enjoy what we had, during three long years, been waiting for.

We locked the house, of course, but as we expected to return for supper, we set off without further ceremony to mount our waiting Bird of Paradise. And she was a bird, indeed, for I had decorated her long, graceful tail with peacock plumes—hundreds of them—while the tips of the wings were set off with feather dusters, and her neck shone in iridescent splendour as a result of my robbing all the old roosters in the barn-yard of their variegated plumage.

We led the bird out of the shed; I wound her up; and then hastily strapped on my wrist compass. We were now ready to start. I looked exultantly at Abbie; Abbie looked proudly up at me; she dropped her binoculars, flag, and lunch box, and gave me one big hug.

"All aboard, my dear!" I whispered.

"Tres-bien!" she returned, mounting to her seat.

Our Bird of Paradise took the air.

"Don't go too high, Peter," said Abbie, a minute or two later, as we were about to shoot over Lake Huron. "We want to see as much of the country as we can, don't we, dear?"

"Yes," I returned, as I pressed a little more heavily on the trip and thus raised the tail, whereupon the Bird dipped gracefully.

"I do hope I will see Elizabeth in Winnipeg—or



"What son of Italy could be blamed for wanting his macaroni?"

at least I hope she will see us." Here she placed the glasses to her eyes and peered ahead.

"Your sister? Oh, yes," I replied, opening my mouth so widely that I inadvertently dropped my gum. (I never chew gum except when flying. Good for the nerves, don't you know.)

Abbie called out frantically:

"Oh, Peter, you horrid boy; just when we should

come to Manitoba you drop your gum—and now I can't see the little province at all, let alone Winnipeg."

I laughed heartily.

"Did it cover it?"

"Completely," she replied.

WE were now in Saskatchewan, sailing over a city which, in spite of the fact that we were making a good three thousand miles an hour, we could not leave behind us.

"What place can it be?" asked Abbie in tones of astonishment.

"It's Saskatoon," I replied. "You know it's booming now—and in the same direction we are travelling. There's no use trying to head it off. Guess we'd better turn, or do you wish to see the Canadian Rockies?"

"Oh, I think you'd better turn," she replied. "You know we saw the Hamilton mountain yesterday."

So with that, we swung in a large circle to the North, and then Eastward.

"And this is Hudson's Bay?" asked Abbie, a minute or two later; and then, after a brief silence she said: "Oh, Peter, I wish we could get a bird's-eye view of the Canadian Navy. It ought to be down in the Maritime Provinces somewhere."

"Yes, dear," I returned, turning slightly South-
(Continued on page 30.)

What Is Religion?

First of Two Articles Intended to Clear Up Popular Misconceptions

By REV. DR. WORKMAN

AS defined in the Standard Dictionary, religion is "a belief binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being on whom he is conscious that he is dependent." That definition, however, is defective, because religion is something more than belief accompanied with a feeling of dependence.

In his well-known work on "Theism," Professor Flint defines it as "man's belief in a being or beings, mightier than himself and inaccessible to his senses, but not indifferent to his sentiments and actions, with the feelings and practices which flow from such belief." That definition is fairly accurate, but is much too cumbersome. The origin of the word may help us to a simpler one.

The older etymologists supposed it to come from the Latin verb *religare*, meaning to bind back; and by them it was defined as that which binds or holds men to a divine being. With this supposition, a religious man was one who felt an inward bond binding him to the divinity he revered. But that derivation was inaccurate. Religion is also something more than an inward bond between a man and his god.

The word is evidently derived from the verb *religere*, which in Latin signifies to go through again in thought, or to reflect. Hence, properly explained, the word denotes reflective thought with reference to an object of worship, whether it be an impersonal power, manifesting itself in the world and influencing human events, or a personal being, expressing himself throughout the universe and revealing himself progressively to the mind of man.

From the etymology of the term, therefore, religion is not merely a belief, nor merely a bond, but rather an attitude. It is a mental attitude which implies belief, produces feeling and creates desire; and, since desire is an active emotion, religion of a developed type includes these four ideas, namely, belief in the existence of a power higher than human, consciousness of dependence on such a power, desire to be in right relation to it, and action in accordance with that desire.

BUT there have been different stages of religious development among men, just as there have been different degrees of intellectual growth among them. At an early period in history religion was the human recognition of a superhuman power, or that which man believed to be a superhuman power; at a later period it was the formal worship of a tribal or national deity; at the highest stage of evolution, it is a devout attitude towards an invisible Supreme Being, a Being who is spiritual and has spiritual relations with us, and an appropriate acknowledgment of him both in heart and in act.

True religion is a reverent habit of thought which exerts a beneficial influence on the personality—an influence which, working by feeling and directed by reason, moulds the character and shapes the conduct of all who are sincerely pious; for a reverent habit of thought has no practical value, unless it tend to produce a corresponding result in the life. But if the inward attitude be genuinely devout, it will naturally affect both character and conduct. In the

full sense of the term, therefore, religion is a right mental attitude towards the Deity, which brings the life into harmony with the thought.

Religion is thus not a creed, but a character; not a persuasion, but a practice. It is, in short, a life lived in accordance with one's honest convictions of what the Deity requires. But, though it is not a set of opinions, one's religious opinions will influence one's conduct favourably in proportion to their correctness, so that sound views of divine verities are matters of great moment.

IT will now appear that, strictly speaking, religion is right conduct springing from belief in God and devotion to his will. But, since conduct includes the actions seen by those about us and those known only to ourselves, religion has a two-fold bearing—the one in reference to the Creator, the other in reference to his creatures. In the Bible these are described as love to our Maker and love to our neighbour, which mean a regard appropriate to the object in each case.

On the divine side, it is a devout regard suited to the relation which man establishes between himself and his Maker. In this respect, it is the life of man in reference to God, so that the fundamental element of religion is acting according to the divine will, as far as we are able to apprehend it. That is its essence or soul, so to speak.

On the human side, it is a benign regard suited to the relation which exists between one person and another. So, since our life is related to the world and to the things in the world, religion has its outward as well as its inward aspect; and, while the former is fundamental and the latter practical, they are equally important, though each of them in a different way. A proper regard for the Supreme Being, however, is best shown by a proper regard for one's fellow-beings.

According to the prophet Micah, religion consists in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly; or, more briefly, in justice, mercy and humility. These are the three generic requirements, but each of them is pregnant with meaning. Taken separately, they mean justice between man and man, mercy to both man and beast, and humility towards our Maker. Nothing more is required, and nothing more could be performed. The last requirement, a humble walk with God, is fundamental to the other two, and regulative of them.

Besides the elements already mentioned—belief and feeling, desire and action, religion includes several others, such as worship, piety, and morality. Each of these calls for a brief explanation. On account of its importance, it seems better to explain the last-named element first.

Morality is the practice of duty, based on a knowledge of right and wrong, and means a determination to conform to the law of right. It is the doing

of right because it is right, and is concerned with duties of all kinds—to our parents, to our neighbours, to ourselves. But, since it consists largely in outward acts, it may be measurably observed without inward rectitude. Religion is morality recognized as a divine requirement, so that it is morality regarded from a new standpoint and enforced by a new sanction. Thus religion rests on and grows out of morality, and the latter is the foundation of the former. It is because man has a moral nature that he has a capacity for religion, and it is because he is a moral animal that he becomes a religious one.

Piety is primarily filial duty, but in religion it is the doing of right from a feeling of reverence for a Supreme Being. Piety pre-supposes morality, and approves itself, not in spiritual exercises, but in righteous practices. Spiritual exercises may help to develop it, but piety that terminates in self and finds expression chiefly in emotion, is not so much religion as pietism, which is only a species of selfishness. Many supposedly good people are more pious than religious, and many others are more religious than moral. An immoral man is not religious, however much he may profess. He is only religiously inclined. Religion is not morality touched by emotion, but morality spurred by devotion—devotion to the divine will, of course.

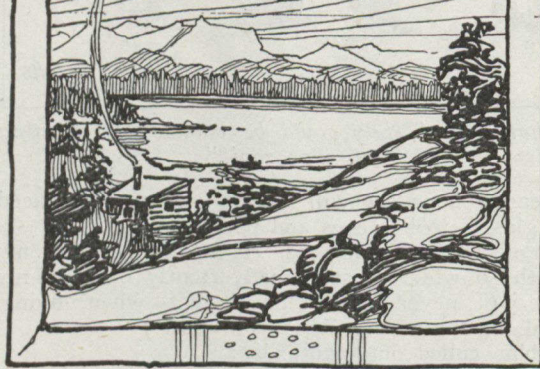
Worship is an act of homage towards an object worthy of adoration, and especially towards the Deity. Divine worship may be external and formal or infernal and spiritual. But external forms are only the symbols of divine worship, or the outward expressions of religious feeling; and a person may observe them without either adoring reverence or devout regard. To be of any value to ourselves or to others they must be observed in a right spirit and followed by a righteous course. Hence attending church or mass is not necessarily worship, though it may indicate an interest in religion and a desire to be religious; but, so far as church attendance is serious, it should help to develop a reverential frame of mind. Sincere worship is subjectively as well as objectively a spiritual act, and implies both morality and piety. They are the service and ceremonial of the religion taught by Christ.

SUCH is the nature of true religion and such is the sort of conduct it requires. Hence it is an activity engaged, not simply with a part of life, as Matthew Arnold suggests, but with the entire life; and conduct is not merely three-fourths of life, as he asserts, but the whole of it, for the word applies to personal proceedings of every possible kind. It is unfortunate, however, that so many should regard conduct as concerned solely with outward actions, and should restrict religion to the doing of devotions. The latter is right acting in all places and in all relationships.

Because religion is a life of which reverence is the root and righteousness the fruit, each person should prove its genuineness by living morally and practising piety and worshipping devoutly everywhere; for one cannot be immoral with impunity, nor even irreligious without serious loss.

The Man at Lone Lake

By
Virna Sheard
Author of
"By the Queen's Grace"
Etc.



CHAPTER XI.

THERE were snow-flurries during the next few days, and sharp frost at night.

Then came a morning of mellow warmth. A haze as of floating amber and blue smoke blurred the hills and woods, making distance a thing impossible to measure with the eye, and transforming the earth into a place of ethereal unearthly beauty. Far off a bush fire raged, and at night the moon was red. The scent of dead leaves was on the air.

McCullough had set out thirty traps the day before illness seized him—what he had counted a heavy day's work for one man. Francois, he concluded, was making lazy outward journeys over the few lines and gathering in the traps and fur to a central point. But the half-breed had outstayed his time limit. Wanota grew restless, the old man impatient.

After the one long night's sleep he had been wakeful and his strength was at low ebb.

On the morning when the weather changed Wynn came in and found him lying on the couch with the Eskimo dog for company. He told Wynn to draw a chair up and light his pipe.

"You will smoke, too, won't you, sir?" Wynn suggested.

McCullough shook his head. "I've lost the taste for it," he said. "Wanota has gone over to the old shack. She's unsettled somehow. I sent Nance in yonder to rest, for the child's had little sleep. This is my chance—I must speak to you about my girl, Wynn. It was dead wrong for me to bring her up from the mission. She was safe there."

"She is safe here," Wynn assured him. "You are not alone."

"I am helpless," the old man said, irritably. "There are supplies here to last till Spring, provided Francois brings in plenty of game—but I am helpless. Wanota I trust, you I trust, though I have no hold on either of you—but Francois—" he broke off, his mouth twitching.

"Francois—you trust him too?" queried Wynn, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and refilling it.

The old man's face grew shrewdly knowing. He glanced around cautiously and dropped his voice to a rough whisper. "Should you go," he said, "I would be at the mercy of Francois. He is clever—ay! the best trapper and the best shot I know. He can get fish through the ice as well as through the water. He knows the tricks of the fur-gatherers, and the tricks of the beasts. He is wily as a fox, still as a snake, quick as a weazel. He has all the cunning and long patience of a red-skin, while the damnable French-Canadian who fathered him, endowed him with a full capacity for every civilized vice. He ran away from Wanota when he was a boy, and travelled from one trading post to another picking up a living, a crude knowledge of English and an expert one of card tricks. They know him from the Upper Yukon to the mushroom towns along the C. P. R. He has wintered as far East as Fort Churchill, and summered in Sitka. He is known in the barren lands and the Southern forests, and I heard he trailed into Fort Norman through the mush-snow one Spring, with a toboggan load of white fur, drawn by a pack of starved half-mad huskies. He is a devil when he is drunk, and needs watching when he is sober." A fit of coughing shook the gaunt frame for a few moments. "But I have bargained with him to stay out the winter with me, Wynn. He's the more ready to stay as the mounted police are looking for him, and have been looking since a year ago last April, when he shot a man at the Company's Post at Peace River Landing. I have bargained with him to snare hares and bring in moose-meat till Spring. If Nance would go back to the Sisters, now I have seen her, I would be more content—but she refuses to go. I may be better by Spring, or I may be dead; if I mend I will go to Winnipeg with Nance. I never intended to keep her here, long. But I've no strength to journey now. I am utterly helpless."

"You don't seem to count on me to any extent," said the other with a slight shrug.

"I have no right to count on you, boy. Francois I can pay. Yet it helps to know you are near, and I want your promise that if anything happens you will take Nance back to the Sisters. Later she can

go to a cousin of mine in Scotland, if she will. There is money hidden, boy—hidden deep under the fifth hearth-stone. The flat stone. Yes—that's it. That's the one. And there's money in a bag under the bear-skin here, and a bit is stowed in an Edmonton bank. A silver-fox skin and some marten-pelts are wrapped in a blue-wolf skin yonder. They will bring a better price further East. Nance knows of the fur—not of the hidden money. Promise you will look after it if anything happens." "I promise," said the man. "There's my hand on it."

The old man thanked him and closed his eyes.

"WANOTA," said Wynn reflectively after a moment. "You trust Wanota?"

"Ay!" assented McCullough. "Yet, mark you, she would sell her soul for Francois, and he might use her for his tool, if he needed one."

"I fancy he might," commented Wynn, rising. "It's warm in here, sir; you hardly need a fire. It's positively balmy out of doors."

"I am cold," he answered, "though it's Indian summer on the hills. The Northern Lakes have frozen and released their heat. I wish I could take my rifle and calling-horn and go up towards the salt-licks at the North of the beaver-meadows, for moose."

"I will see you have moose-meat for dinner to-morrow," Wynn told him. "That is if I have luck. I left a string of red trout at the door."

"You are a good friend," said McCullough. Presently he slipped into a doze, and Wynn went out. Nance from the inner room heard the door close softly.

Wanota stood at the edge of the river, her hands shading her eyes.

"You are watching for Francois?" questioned Wynn as he came up a few moments later. Then he smiled down at the little squaw in friendly fashion. "I am going up the river now, and on towards the salt-licks. If we meet I will tell Francois to hasten."

"He come," she answered placidly. Wynn gazed up-stream. "Really, I see no canoe," he said.

"Hark!" she returned, leaning forward. The other listened. He heard the river purling against the frost-bitten grasses on the bank, heard a rabbit scurry to cover, and a spruce partridge whirr by. That was all.

"Look," said Wanota, pointing. Far off there was a blur of grey midstream against the blue of the water, a filmy shapeless thing. Slowly it grew into the form of a canoe and a man paddling.

"He come," the squaw repeated gently exultant. Turning, she walked along the bank and sat down to await her son. She picked up a strip of deer-skin she had been working at, and proceeded to whiten it with a piece of fungus broken from a hemlock log. To Wynn she paid no more attention than she had to the passing spruce-partridge.

"I will bring you fresh moose-meat to-morrow, Wanota," he called back carelessly as he launched his canoe.

"Francois bring moose-meat," she replied. The man gave a little laugh. "And you will have none of mine, eh? Come—be friends with me, Madam Wanota."

She looked at him silently, and lifted her head with a slight gesture. It was not a friendly one.

"I regret that I do not please you," Wynn said. Raising his cap he bowed to her, stepped into the boat and paddled off.

The squaw watched him depart, her big inscrutable eyes shining out from the expressionless calm of her face. So she waited till her son landed, and drew his canoe up the bank.

McCullough was not cordial in his greeting to the half-breed, though he brought in a fair number of pelts as well as the traps. The old trapper was irritated by the length of time he had taken—yet dared say but little.

"Clean the traps and hang them," he said, "that is, my traps. I will use them no more, Francois. After you have brought me what game I need, go fur-gathering for yourself with your own traps whenever you wish—but, hark you, not further than a day's journey or our bargain is broken. I need you at hand. Sleep in your own shack at least every other night. Wanota will pass the winter here."

"In spring you go?" asked the half-breed.

"Yes—in the spring—or before."

Francois sauntered to the door leading on to the verandah. Leaning against the frame of it he smoked for a while, blowing smoke rings lazily.

"I stretch the skins now," he observed when the pipe was burned out. "Wanota she help. The bear I got; him not much. Old, mangy. The four beaver good. To-morrow I go for moose." Then he struck out for his shack, swinging along in an indolent, graceful fashion that yet covered the ground fast.

At the edge of some alders he came suddenly on Nance. She often walked to the river, or as far as these trees. The old shack was just beyond them.

The girl started as the half-breed came up. The last time they had met was a year before, when the man had gone to the Mission with word from her grandfather.

"Oh, Francois!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were back. How are you? I am glad to be home again with grand-dad—poor grand-dad. Is it not dreadful to see him so?"

The half-breed looked at her steadily. No rose-tint of her face, or gold-gleam of her hair was lost to him. The smooth white of her throat dazzled him. The French blood in his veins went on a mad race. He bent towards her, his handsome face flushing.

"You are right," he said. "I have come back, me, Francois. You think I stay away and leave you to dat man at Lone Lac? No! No! My beauty! I come back."

With a lithe movement he caught her and drew her close to him. His hair brushed her face.

The girl gave a little cry, and with all her strength loosened his hold.

"Let me go! Let me go, Francois!" she said breathlessly. "How dare you?"

HE laughed down at her, his eyes aflame. Then threw back his head and straightened to his full height.

"Is not a half-breed a man?" he demanded. "Can he not love—and hate? You will see. I love you, leetle Nance. Look! I will marry you by Catholic priest and ring. I will not leave you as dat Frenchman who was my father left Wanota. He was dey say 'a gentleman.' Me, I will do better." He gave a shrug. "I come of good blood an bad—but you—you, beautiful, shall only see what is good. I love you."

Nance glanced about her. They were quite set off from her grandfather's shack by the thick alders. The wilderness was on every side. She stood ready for flight, yet did not move—or dare to. After that first wild glance, she turned to the man, the colour slowly ebbing from her face.

"You shall not say such things to me. You would not in my grandfather's house, and you shall not here."

"Shall not?" he echoed hoarsely, his eyes lit with rage. "Then for why? You run, eh? Not far. I think, if I not choose. Me, I speak when, and where, and how I will."

He caught her strong little wrists and held them in his fingers that were as flexible steel bands. Looking down, he compelled her unwilling eyes to meet his.

"Why you think I wait here?" he questioned.

(Continued on page 32.)



A Typical Pioneer Farm in New Ontario, where there are great agricultural possibilities.

ONTARIO SETS NEW PACE IN COLONIZATION

AFTER several years of public discussion and after a few months of decided public agitation by boards of trade and the public press, Sir James Whitney announces a new development policy for Northern Ontario. He has set a new example for the other provinces to follow.

The details are not available yet, but the Government will ask the Legislature to give it authority to borrow a sum of money not exceeding five million dollars, to be used in the settlement, colonization and building of necessary roads in New Ontario. The money will be spent under the authority and direction of a special deputy-minister or commissioner.

Mr. Rowell, the leader of the Opposition, approves of the vote and regrets only that it is not larger. Mr. Studholme, the independent party in the Legislature, declares he has been advocating it since 1907. So all are agreed.

The CANADIAN COURIER has discussed this policy on many occasions, so that our congratulations are hearty and sincere. Sir James Whitney has shown his ability to gauge public opinion and his willingness to be as progressive as the people whom he serves.

The provincial government which depends entirely on the Dominion authorities to stimulate its development will be left in the rear. Each province must help itself, be the master of its own destiny. Ontario recognizes this and has entered on a policy of development in New Ontario which will in the end absorb more than four times this first appropriation. But it will double the population and uncover almost unlimited natural wealth and resources.

New Ontario is capable of supporting a population quite as large as that of Old Ontario, but the pioneering is hard work. To make the task of the pioneer easier, Sir James makes this appropriation. Roads, schoolhouses, ready-made farms, advice, assistance, and everything which might reasonably be given to pioneers will be forthcoming. If the execution of the work is as satisfactory as Sir James' conception of the needs of the hour, Ontario has entered upon a new era.



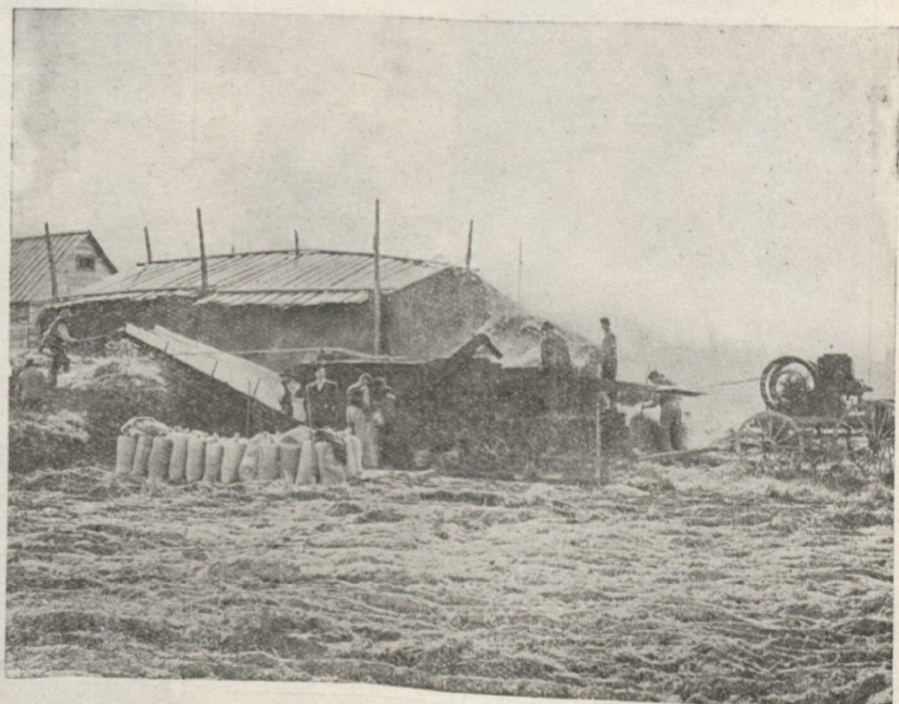
The Pioneers of New Ontario and their healthy, happy children.



A School Picnic at Heaslip---in the land of spruce forests.



Joy Riding in an Automobile as practised by the Pioneers of New Ontario.



These Pioneers use the latest gasoline engine when threshing wheat and oats.
Photographs by W. P. Strickland.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

LIBERALS AND THE COMING ENQUIRY.

MORE politics? Yes, by the great horn spoon. I am taking an interest in politics these days which is more than most of my fellow countrymen are doing. And the particular topic which engages my attention just now is the "grouching" fashion in which the Liberals at Ottawa are receiving the proposal that a series of Commissions shall investigate their conduct when in office. If I were strategical adviser to His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, I would certainly have suggested that they should welcome any proposal that their deeds in the body—politic—be made the subject of an official enquiry with wild shouts of laughter and derision. I would have tried to get them to rejoice openly on the house-tops that their "stupid successors" were about to waste a lot of valuable time and much more precious public attention in hunting for crimes which were never committed and seeking mistakes which did not occur. That attitude might not have been accepted at a hundred per cent. by the cynical populace; but it would surely have looked better as a "curtain raiser" to the inevitable investigation than the grudging and almost fearful position they have so steadily assumed.

* * *

IT may be "good politics" for the Opposition to create the impression that the proposed Commission and its auxiliaries will be fiercely partisan. I presume that that is all the Liberals are aiming at. They do not really expect to draw its teeth or avert the "evil eye." But surely its partisan nature would have been taken for granted by the country without all this emphasis. Our politics being what they are, each party is always as partisan as it deems effective. When it appoints a non-partisan body to perform a task which may have party results, it is because it calculates that this conspicuous departure from the traditional course will gain more than will be lost in not following up promising clues vindictively. Such an investigation as the Conservative Government proposes, was bound to be partisan; and the country will be quite aware of this fact without having its attention called to the fact by the "stage" shiverings and open forebodings of the late Ministers and their friends.

PERSONALLY, I am not opposed to a partisan investigation on such a subject. If the bitterest partisan blood-hound who can be found, is able to drag from its hiding-place any evidence of wrong conduct on the part of the late Government, I want him to do it. What does it matter how much he enjoys his job, so long as he "delivers the goods?" The detective is always a partisan of the side for which he is working. It is his business to find traces of the criminal; and the only thing we do not want him to do is to invent evidence. All the real proof he can bring forth, will be entirely welcome. So I am perfectly willing that this Commission and its "flying squads" should nose about through the departments, and the widely scattered public works, and the manifold governmental buildings, and anywhere and everywhere in which there is promise of an exposure. All we want are the "damning facts," and we want all of them.

* * *

BUT they will not hold the balances true, you may say. Of course not. Why should they? What balances are there to "hold true?" This is not a judicial enquiry in which they are to weigh the good against the bad, and decide whether or not the late government was on the whole worth its "keep." They have no business with the good whatever. They cannot report to us anything in this fashion. "We find that the ——— Department allowed ten thousand dollars to be stolen by friendly contractors, part of which they returned to the party chest; but we also find, by way of offset, that this Department did exceedingly good work in another part of the country which more than wiped out the failure we record." It will not be the business of this Commission to measure virtue against vice, and deliver a verdict as to which predominated. It has nothing to do with virtue. Its sole business is with vice. It is a muck-raker only.

* * *

SO I do not see how it can be too partisan. Its report—when it comes at long last—may be violently partisan, and so entirely miss fire. But who cares about the report of an investigating Commission? It might just about as well—as a rule—print the evidence and omit comment. It might almost better do this when it is suspected of party

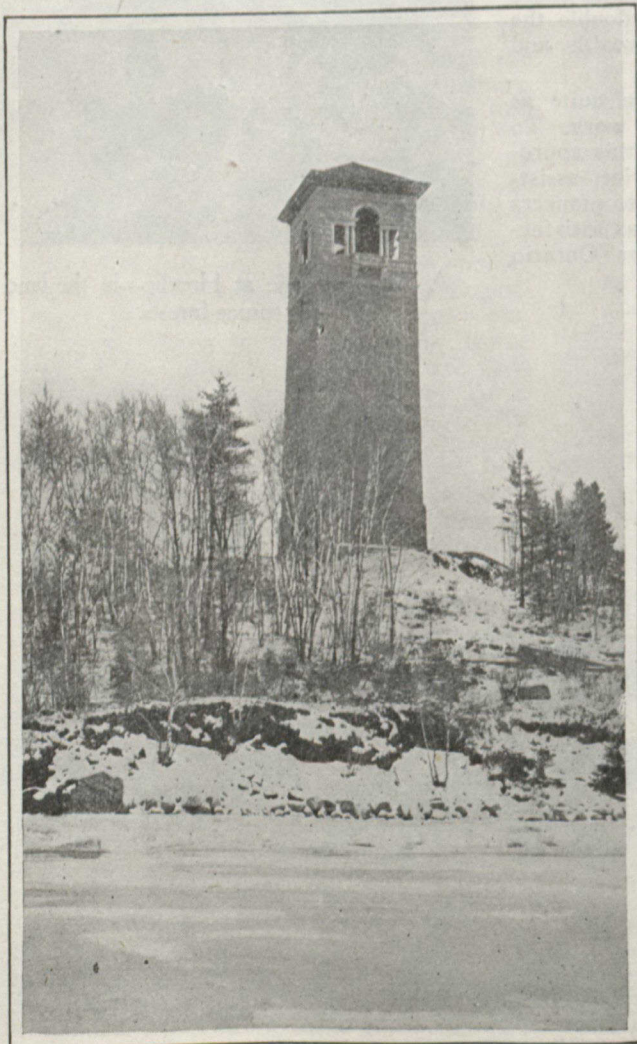
bias. The opposing reports of a Parliamentary Committee show this to perfection. We get a majority and a minority report, reaching quite different conclusions; and we pay absolutely no attention to either. They are merely the addresses of counsel. We ourselves must deliver the final judgment, and we do so on the evidence which we have been reading from day to day. In this case, we will get a majority report only; but the Liberal press and Parliamentary party will probably make up the omission in time. In any event, the mind of the people will have been carried one way or the other as the work of the Commission goes on, and its evidence is printed in the daily press. We shall judge by the facts they uncover; and by nothing else. And no amount of good behaviour can obliterate the effects of one bad deed, any more than you can make the water in your glass clear, after you have flung a drop of ink into it, by adding more pure water.

* * *

WILL they give the witnesses and the documents fair play? Unless they are hopelessly stupid, they will. To refuse a witness a chance to explain, or to suppress part of a document which can afterwards be produced to confront and confound them, would be to entirely kill the usefulness of their work for little promise of profit. It must be remembered that they will not be investigating in an unknown land where no one has ever been but themselves. The late Ministers and their friends will probably know more about the whole subject, after the Commission has spent months on it, than the Commissioners themselves will ever imagine. We may be very sure that no serious falsification of evidence will be allowed. The party organization of the old government has not gone to pieces; and it is for just such tasks that we keep up the expensive dual party system. It will be their business to see that their witnesses are not stifled nor their documents mis-read. Thus I do not see that we will suffer much even if we take the worst possible view of the character of the Commission. But that view may not be the true view. The Commissioners may possibly have the perspicacity to perceive that their best course will be the most rigid fairness coupled with the most thorough enquiry. As for the late government, we will not expect it to have been a Government of Angels. All these things are comparative. The question will be—Have they given us—in the language of the late Sir Oliver Mowat—"as good government as was practicable?"

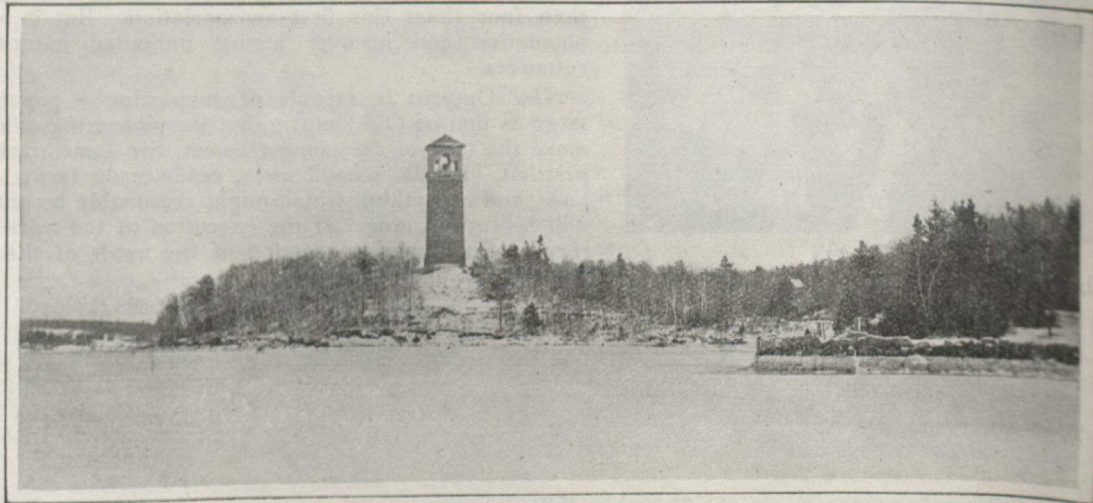
THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE HALIFAX MONUMENT TO RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

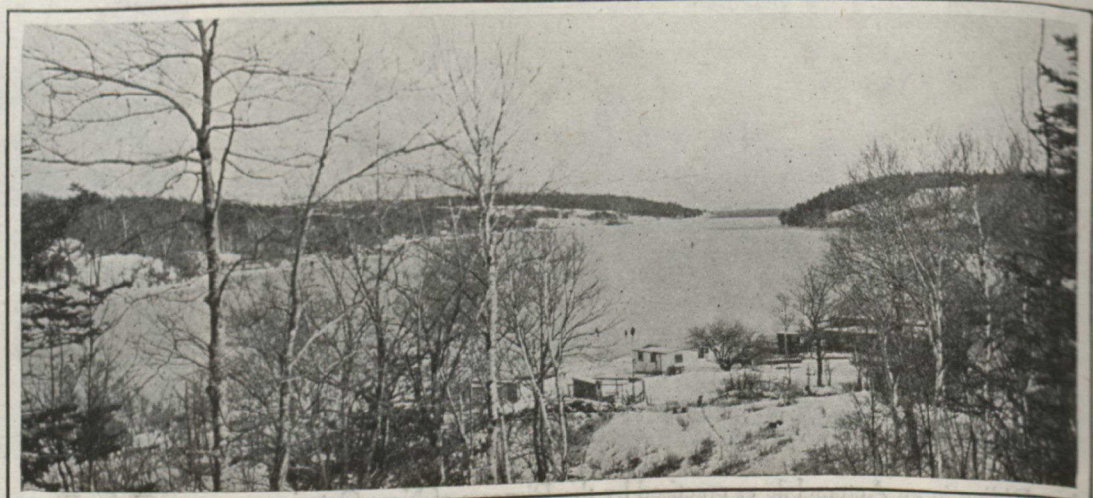


As it looks from the water (or ice). It symbolises three hundred years of government and architecture.

Photographs by H. W. Hewitt.



Built on a Promontory in the Park donated by Sir Sandford Fleming.



Looking out into the sea from the base of the Tower.

A Glance at the New Plays

A Group Which Includes "Sumurun," "Lydia Gilmore," and "A Slice of Life"

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent

AFTER "The Garden of Allah"—"Kismet." After "Kismet"—"Sumurun." After "Sumurun"—what? What new excitement can the feverish activity of the theatrical manager snatch from the Orient for our entertainment? What inaccessible harem of delight still awaits the invading horn of his touring car? What further glamour can Occidental imagination cast over the sordid realities of the "land of mystery and silence?" Prof. Rheinhardt's wordless play, with the company that produced it in Germany, has arrived and become the theatrical novelty of the New York season. So far, however, it has not produced any of the sensations which report credited to Berlin and London. But then, New York is different—different both in the quality and degree of its imagination. The piquancy of "Sumurun" after all is novelty. It tells its story, and tells it most graphically, in pantomime, visualizing all the human emotions—love, hate, jealousy, passion, murder—without other aid than the gesture and facial expression of the actor. The story is liberally sprinkled with humour, and the whole thing goes to a musical accompaniment which serves to carry the action, and is tuneful, melodious and descriptive in turn. The pictorial effect is of flat drawing, somewhat exaggerated in line and colouring.

* * *

WITH the exception of "Sumurun," the new group of plays shows a decided slump in quality. Few possess any artistic interest at all, and only one or two are likely to survive the ordeal of their metropolitan presentation.

First in importance is "Lydia Gilmore," a new play which Henry Arthur Jones has written for Miss Anglin, and which was no doubt devised to furnish this accomplished actress with opportunities similar to those of which she availed herself so effectively in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The action takes place at Chelmsbury, an old assize town in the Midlands of England. The emotional opportunities may be judged from a situation in which Lydia Gilmore, the wife of a prominent physician, is suddenly confronted with the knowledge that her husband has been carrying on an intrigue with a neighbour's wife, and has just killed the woman's husband in a scuffle that followed his discovery. The murder shocks the community to its foundation and circumstances point strongly to the guilt of Dr. Gilmore. His only chance of escape is an alibi, which his wife is called upon to establish. The trial scene, which brings about the dramatic climax of the play, unfortunately has been forestalled by a similar much better trial scene in "A Butterfly on the Wheel." By means of two such realistic pictures American audiences ought to become tolerably familiar with the procedure of an English assize court. Miss Anglin's personal success is unmistakable, and her magnificent work will no doubt bring to the play a large measure of popular success in spite of several handicaps.

The dramatized "White Magic" marks the second unhappy attempt within a month to win stage laurels for the late David Graham Phillips. The departed novelist no doubt had his admirers—in and out of girl's boarding schools—and the circumstances of his death invited curiosity in his work, altogether



Margaret Anglin in her new play "Lydia Gilmore," by Henry Arthur Jones. Photo by Genthe.

outside of "literary" circles. Between the two it was expected to find a public sufficiently large to support the stage versions we have witnessed. Such expectations have not been realized. "The Grain of Dust" has already gone its way. And in spite of the charm of acting and person which Gertrude Elliot brought to bear on the part of Beatrice Richmond, the "White Magic" manuscript will soon be neatly tied up with baby blue ribbon and laid away.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is an equally unfortunate attempt to dramatize a popular seller. John Fox, Jr., is the novelist, and the dramatizing has been done by Eugene Walter, author of "The Easiest Way," a play that, in point of construction at least, is one of the best America has produced. The scenes of the new play are laid in the Cumberland Mountains, and the story deals with the arrival of the two young engineers from the East, its effect on the life of the mountains and the fortunes of June, a wild, primitive, imaginative child of nature. Charlotte Walker, the beautiful wife of the author, plays the part of June with considerable sincerity.

* * *

"A SLICE OF LIFE," which Ethel Barrymore has produced in connection with a revival of "Cousin Kate," is one of those delightful little Barrie satires turning lightly on the problem play.

To tell the story would be to deprive you of the surprise on which so much of the enjoyment depends.

Of vastly different texture, although highly amusing and diverting in its way, is a new farce by Augustin MacHugh, under the title of "Officer 666." The story concerns a young millionaire who returns from a European trip to find that a burglar has taken possession of his home, assumed his name, become engaged to a young society girl, and is rapidly disposing of the young millionaire's paintings. The young man borrows the identity of a policeman, along with his uniform and succeeds in getting rid of the burglar, recovering his name and prosperity and winning the hand of the girl who had given her hand to the thief. The humorous possibilities will not be overlooked, and in spite of the farce hoodoo upon us, "Officer 666" promises to be as successful as "The Million."

* * *

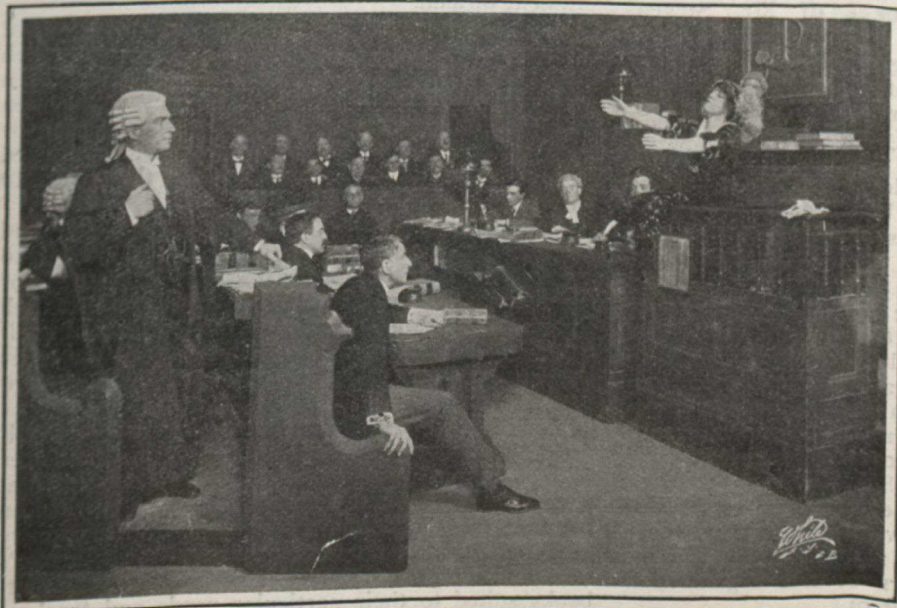
THE loneliness of humorists this season is further illustrated in the reunion of Weber & Fields after eight years of separation. A characteristic programme, along the lines of the old Music Hall shows, has been provided for the occasion. "Hokey-Pokey," the first part of the entertainment, may be described as a pot pourri of Weber-Field reminiscences. The second revives the popular custom of burlesquing popular plays of the day. The successful little Scotch play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," is the first to be laid on the altar of mirth under the title of "Bunty Bulls and Strings." An important cast gives further importance to the event.

To Tour Canada

PLANS for the coming theatrical season in Canada are being made by Mr. A. G. Delamater, the well known producer of plays, which should be of interest to every patron of the theatre throughout the Dominion. The project is to present prominent English stars supported by companies made up entirely of English actors in all available London successes, their tours to include every city and town in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. Delamater bases his opinion that Canada desires the English company and the English play in preference to New York successes upon years of careful study of the theatre problem in Canada.

A Scottish Player's Story

THE Scottish players, a company of whom are touring Canada, have some very new and original stories about their own countrymen. Here is one told by Ethelbert Hales, who plays Tammas Bigger in "Bunty Pulls the Strings": An old Glasgow Scotchman was moving from one house to another in the same street. He was Scotch of very Scotch, and carried all his things in a wheelbarrow instead of hiring an express man. The last load was a tall ungainly grandfather's clock, as stiff and awkward to move as an old man with muscular rheumatism. So the economical Scot had to abandon the barrow and carry the clock over his shoulders. Staggering along he met a friendly countryman who had had a wee drap too much. "Tak ma advice," said the mellow one, "an' buy a watch."



The famous trial scene in "A Butterfly on the Wheel." Madge Titheradge in the witness box.



Scene from "Sumurun," the wordless play that has been the theatrical sensation of two continents.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Breeders of Strife.

BREEDERS of strife came in for hard knocks last week. Premier Roblin got after the demagogues in an able address to the young Conservatives of Winnipeg. Mr. R. J. Yonge, of Montreal, formerly secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, condemned the breeders of strife in an address to the Canadian Club of Montreal.

Said Mr. Yonge:

"We have still left some politicians and some newspapers who try to set our east against our west, who try to set the workingman against his employer, who try to set our French-Canadian brother against his English-speaking brother. How serious the crime of a public man or a newspaper in this great Dominion who would sow seeds of dissension between the provinces and the races! Let our Canadian idea be so big as to leave no room for that; that we at once say to that newspaper or to that public man that he is out of touch, that he is out of accord with the people of Canada and their idea."

Mr. Yonge also deprecated the Quebec tax on firms from other provinces who wished to do business in his province, and hoped that all such provincial provincialism would soon be swept away. And Mr. Yonge is right. I hope Premier Gouin and Premier McBride will both listen to these words of wisdom.

* * *

Eliminating the Middleman.

MR. HUGH BLAIN, president of the Dominion Wholesale Grocers' Guild, told that body last week that it was a shame for any one to try and get rid of the middleman. The wholesaler is a necessity to the retailer and the manufacturer who goes direct to the retailer or the public is a bad man.

Mr. Blain probably believes what he says, but few of us will agree with him. The manufacturer who sells his goods direct to the retailer or the consumer is a public benefactor. We cannot afford to pay the three profits—the manufacturer's, the wholesaler's, and the retailer's. It makes our food and our clothing too dear. It means high prices for the necessities of life.

The wholesale dry goods merchant has almost disappeared. Few people go into the retail dry goods business now unless they can buy on a sufficiently large scale to buy direct from the manufacturer. It is also true of boots and shoes, of silverware, of ready-made clothing, and of automobiles. It will soon be true of groceries.

What the country needs, especially in the larger centres, where the cost of living is high, is the large grocery store where goods are bought direct from the canners, the bottlers, the sugar refineries, the makers of package goods, and the importers of fresh and dried fruits. The wholesale grocer has served his purpose and, like the dry goods jobber, must go into some other line of work where he will be more useful. This will, of course, mean a lessening of the number of retailers, a substitution of one retail grocer for several retail grocers. But these corner-store men will find plenty of useful occupation in other lines of human endeavour.

* * *

Prohibition and Politics.

TEMPERANCE advocates had some busy days in Toronto last week. The provincial temperance organization discussed the question of forming a third party distinct from the two political parties and working entirely in the interests of prohibition. It was decided not to do so, but simply to have a special political organizer to work on behalf of temperance candidates on both sides.

This question of a temperance party is an ancient one and the solution seems hard to find. The temperance people find it difficult simply because, in their zeal, they forget that temperance reform is only one of the nation's many problems. Drunkenness is not the only national evil. Consumption, insanity, the breeding of criminals, the social evil, unhealthy factory conditions, impure drinking water and unscientific disposal of sewage—these are questions quite as important to the moral and social welfare of the community. The man who thinks prohibition of the liquor traffic would remove all the ills of Canadian humanity is as foolish as the single-taxer, who thinks the adoption of Henry George's

theories would make the world an Eden.

Intemperate indulgence in alcoholic beverages is disappearing. The drunkard is rarer than at any time in the history of the country. Illicit distilling and illicit selling have been almost entirely eliminated. Education has increased the number of total abstainers and also of people who use liquor sparingly and medicinally. And I cannot see that much of this undoubted reform is due to the temperance fanatic—it has been accomplished in spite of him, rather than with his aid. People like Mrs. Shaw-Buskin, who last week proclaimed that drunkenness was a mental disease and should be treated as such, are the real reformers.

* * *

The Mother and the Cigarette.

WHILE the temperance organizations were bandying words with the political leaders in Toronto, the Women's Christian Temperance Associations had representatives at Ottawa asking for legislation to prohibit the manufacture and sale of cigarettes in Canada. Mr. Borden was courteous but frankly definite. He indicated that this was a question for the mothers, not for the state. He pointed out that, according to his observations, the control of the parents over their children was declining. He laughingly declared that no law prohibiting the manufacture was necessary where his mother exercised control. "I would like to have seen any of the children of my mother smoking cigarettes at ten or twelve years of age."

The law should not be expected to be father and mother and Sunday school teacher to the child. This is paternalism gone mad. Such laws might be put upon the statute books, but they could not be enforced. There are too many laws now which cannot be enforced. The moral character of our children must be moulded by the parent, not by the state.

Cigarette smoking by children should be prevented by parents and teachers. The laws which prevent the sale of cigarettes to youths mark the point beyond which it would be foolish for the state to go. Thousands of men smoke cigarettes because they prefer them to cigars or pipe tobacco. To deprive these men of their cigarettes would be an interference with personal liberty which no community would tolerate.

* * *

Recklessness in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER is anxious to keep out the Sikhs, fellow British subjects from India. Perhaps it is as well for the Sikhs that they should be forced to go to some other part of the Dominion. There are thousands of good people in that city, but there are some who are dangerously near the evil line.

The language used in the paper controlled by our good friend, Mr. Stevens, M.P., arch-enemy of the Sikhs, may be cited as example number one. No self-respecting Sikh should live in a city where such extravagant and inflaming language is printed and published.

Number two is the language of Mr. Stevens friend and colleague, J. W. Hawthornthwaite, M.P.P. At a recent meeting, he defended the tearing down and destruction of a Union Jack, in the following language: "The moment the majority of the working people—the only useful people—decide that they don't want the old rag, they have the constitutional right to tear it down and make a mock of it—to wash some of the blood stains out of it." Not content with this he assured his hearers that they had better not get their teeth into a Vancouver policeman or they might die of blood poisoning.

There is a strike of some kind on in Vancouver and the headquarters secretary of the Industrial Workers of the World wired Mayor Finlay of Vancouver as follows: "The entire organization supports Vancouver workers in their efforts to maintain free speech. The rights of the members of this organization will be enforced in spite of all the corporation lice holding political jobs in the Dominion of Canada. Free speech will be established and maintained in Vancouver if it takes twenty years. Hold you personally responsible for any injury inflicted upon members of this organization by Cossacks under your control."

If these are samples of the character and spirit

of the organized labour which controls affairs in Vancouver, then the Sikhs should go elsewhere. They might escape the influence of Mr. Stevens' *Call* and Brother McConnell's *Saturday Sunset*, but they would certainly be subjected to a great strain if brought under the blighting rays of J. H. Hawthornthwaite, M.P.P., and his anarchistic associates.

* * *

Leaving the Dear Old Farm.

OUR venerable Senate has been considering the movement of the people from the farms to the city. Senator Power wants a committee to investigate the whole situation. Such a body could do no harm and might do some good. It would at least give us some real information on this subject—facts and figures for Canada, the United States and Great Britain. It is not a peculiarly Canadian problem. It is an Anglo-Saxon problem. For aught I know, it may be a world problem.

On Wednesday, February 7th, on a homestead in the township of East Wawanosh, County of Huron, there was a family gathering to celebrate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Agnew. Nine sons and daughters were present—all raised on this dear old Wawanosh farm. There was Dr. Thomas Agnew, from Wingham town nearby; Robert Agnew, dentist, from Alberta; Dr. William Agnew, Dayton, Ohio; James Agnew, dentist, Dayton, Ohio; Dr. John Agnew, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Hannah Agnew and Miss Millicent Agnew, nurses, Philadelphia; one daughter living at home and another married to a neighbouring farmer. Doesn't this explain some of the movement from the farm? The boys and girls are being educated off the farm. If these boys, magnificent specimens of Canadian manhood as I know them to be, had been educated as scientific farmers rather than as doctors and dentists, the population of Huron County had been larger and its agricultural production greater.

There are thousands of such families in Ontario, with sons scattered through the West and through the United States. They are scattered because the Ontario educational system is a flat failure or a magnificent success—whichever you wish to label it. If it is best that those young men should have been educated into professions and some of them lost to the country, then Ontario's system of education is a great success. If it were best to have given these farmers' sons a good agricultural education and kept them farmers, then the Ontario system has been a decided failure.

If the Senate committee will tell us whether this movement is good for Ontario and Canada, or whether it is detrimental, then we shall know what to do. Are our universities and colleges doing destructive or constructive work? Are our high schools taking young people off the farm to the detriment of the youth themselves and to the detriment of the nation generally? These are questions which as yet have not been authoritatively answered.

* * *

A Universal Problem.

THIS problem of keeping the people on the land is not a Canadian problem only. It is universal. The *Irish Weekly Independent* of Dublin, in a recent issue, tackles the subject from the Irish point of view. It says, "This education is fast begetting a contempt for work in the factory and the field. The farmer's son, the shopkeeper's son, the tradesman's son, the labourer's son is turning his back upon the occupation of his parents. Everybody now seeks to become a clerk or a government official."

The Irish editor is not opposed to education, but has only contempt for "the absurd notions" which modern education puts into the minds of young men and young women. He cannot see why young men of education should spurn farming, shopkeeping or even the workshop. "Intelligence must be applied to our industries of every kind if they are to succeed."

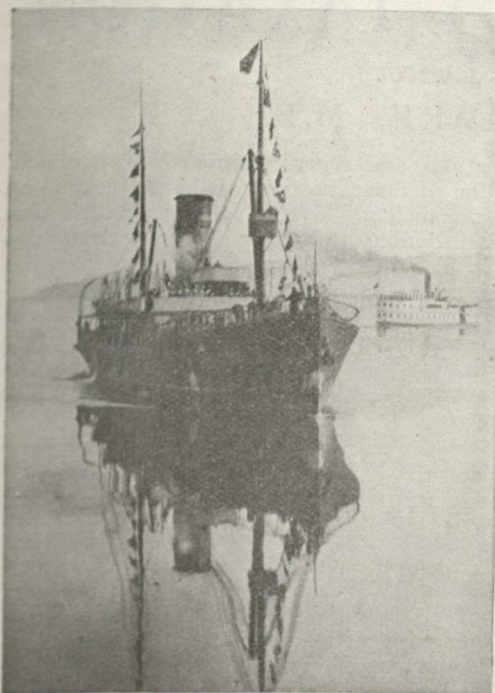
If farming, cattle-raising, fruit-growing and dairying are to succeed in Canada, the class who are to engage in these activities must be trained for their work. Nova Scotia, Manitoba and British Columbia pay some attention to the teaching of agriculture in the public schools. Ontario and the other provinces do not. Ontario is especially backward in this respect.

Hon. Mr. Burrell is arranging to "aid agriculture" throughout Canada. Would he not be better engaged if he were arranging to "aid agricultural education." The first reform would be a distinction between the educational programme of the country school and that of the town or city school. Farmer's sons and daughters should have subjects and textbooks suited to their particular needs and teachers who know the difference.



The Chateau Frontenac, where the King of the Mardi Gras made his headquarters. The toboggan races were held on the slides here shown. The Terrace at times was almost as crowded as in summer.

MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION IN HISTORIC QUEBEC



Unusual winter decoration. Ice breaker Montcalm, on which the Mardi Gras King arrived.

THE spirit of gaiety possessed the ancient city of Quebec from February 16th to 20th, the dates of the Mardi Gras carnival. The celebration was officially opened on the morning of the 16th, when his Majesty the King of Mardi Gras landed at Quebec. He arrived on the ice breaker Montcalm, and was received at the King's wharf by Chief of Police Trudel. Preceded by a bugle band and fifty heralds and couriers, he passed through the streets of the lower and upper town to the City Hall, where he was welcomed by Mayor Drouin. His Majesty, who was impersonated by Moise Raymond, the same gentleman who impersonated Jacques Cartier in the Tercentenary pageant, read an address to the Mayor, in which he expressed the hope that the carnival would be a yearly affair. Saturday and Sunday were both big carnival days. With the advent of the snowshoers on Saturday morning the celebration took on a new tinge of colour. From all parts of the province committee representatives of the different clubs arrived, and the streets were bright with the variegated uniforms of the snowshoers. The snowshoers proved to be one of the big attractions of the celebration, and the visitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Some of the clubs, notably that of the Montagnard, of Montreal, reached Quebec by special train. That club was accompanied by a full brass band. The clubs assembled on the Terrace on Saturday morning, and were officially received by his Worship Mayor Drouin. In the afternoon the snowshoers proceeded to Montmorency Falls, where the annual races of the Canadian Snowshoe Union took place. On Saturday evening there was a procession of snowshoers and allegorical cars through a number of the city streets, which was witnessed by an immense crowd.

On Sunday all the clubs assembled on the Dufferin Terrace and paraded to Jacques Cartier Church. In the afternoon there were visits by the clubs to the lodges of the Quebec and Levis organizations, and the day's festivities wound up with a smoking concert.



Every Inch a King. His Majesty of the Mardi Gras landing from the Montcalm.



The King and his retinue. Also Chief of Police Trudel, originator of snowshoe Mardi Gras in Quebec.



The golden key of Quebec, which was presented to the King by the Mayor and Council at the City Hall.

Corridor Comment

Ottawa, Feb. 19.

HE has been painted in lurid colours. Many readers of THE COURIER have no doubt seen the picture. The artists have not spared the most startling of pigments. The result absolutely glares. Big, swarthy creature, with wild, uncanny eyes, and tawny mane. A stormy agitator, stirring his compatriots into frenzy,



ALBERT SEVIGNY, M.P.

playing upon their prejudices and passions, telling them that their sons are to be stolen from the family fire-side, thrust upon the gory decks of British war boats, transported into the uttermost parts of the earth, and disembowelled by shot and shell in hideous naval conflict. Oh, yes, you know of Albert Sevigny, the Nationalist member for Dorchester. You would like to see him, perhaps, but at a distance, or in a cage.

Suppose we pass up the picture. Accompany me, mild and gentle reader, to Room Eighty-One-and-a-Half in the Canadian Parliament Building, and knock at the door.

A moment's pause and a decidedly soft and somewhat melodious voice bids you enter. You are confronted with—not the Picture, but the Man; a graceful, smiling personality; young, slight, well-groomed, polished, and really altogether charming. After three or four minutes' conversation you have forgotten the caricature, and you are prepared to challenge the authenticity of the newspaper reports which now credit him with being Henri Bourassa's ambassador for the collection of the no-navy toll from the present government.

Young Sevigny—for he is only in his thirty-first year—is more sworn at and sworn by than any other new-comer in the House of Commons. In some quarters it is regarded as the unpardonable sin to suggest that he possesses a single virtue, or is not laden down with every vice. In others he is lauded to the skies as if he were a hero and a demigod. You never hear the last of his courage, his chivalry, his eloquence and his personal magnetism. All this is very exaggerated. Albert Sevigny is neither fiend nor archangel. He is a clever young French-Canadian, early trained to the service of the state, who has made the most of the capital chance. He has a considerable literary gift, much personal and social charm, and an unusual Latin habit of application and persistence.

There is a touch of the aristocrat about him. He is aesthetic in his tastes and academic in his tendencies. It seems passing strange that Sevigny the Debonnaire, chisselled to play the dilettante, should develop into the stalwart promoter of a passionately national—if narrow—political creed. But the silken youth of peaceful times often turns out in the fray to be of tempered steel. This mild-mannered, somewhat lackadaisical law student, reading history and figuring in scholastic debates, came at once under the spell of the moving spirit of a new school of thought. He imbued the Bourassic acid. He threw aside his books, locked his study, and took train for the stormy scenes of the memorable Drummond-Arthabaska by-election. He became one of the most vigorous—yes, and violent—campaigners. His passionate eloquence wrought wonders in spreading the contagion of his cause among his compatriots.

And now Mr. Sevigny has carried his convictions into Parliament. He threatens to throw the whole political situation into a foment with his motion to abolish the navy. He will make the most of his case, for he is both able and eloquent. But if the young orator could sometimes rise into the region of imperial ideas, and make men feel that he was not so entirely absorbed by the cut and thrust and

parry of the sectional political game, one would have greater confidence in his future.

But even Sevigny is not as bad as they would make him. A story has been going the rounds of some of the Opposition press to the effect that in the course of the changes resultant upon the dismissals in the civil service which followed the recent change of government, the member for Dorchester had secured the appointment of his son to a responsible and lucrative position in the Immigration Department at Montreal. Mr. Sevigny was married less than three years ago.

* * *

WOE betide the unfortunate citizen who has business at the Militia Department. There are several thousand of them who devoutly hope that some day when the Honourable Colonel Sam Hughes gets his rifle corps organized and perfects the outside service, he will turn his democratic energies loose on the slunkiness and red-tape which surrounds the departmental building here. A member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, who had occasion to visit the Militia building the other day, vouches for his experiences. He was directed to the Minister, and had to secure a "pass" in order to start up in the elevator in quest of his man. Reach-

ing the ministerial office he was referred to the Adjutant-General, which he found necessitated another elevator round trip and the securing of a second "pass." From the office of the Adjutant-General he was directed to the Inspector-General, and once again had to go through the pass-port business in its entirety. The end, however, was not yet, and in turn he was sent to the Paymaster-General and finally to the Deputy Minister, from whom he eventually secured the ten-line item which he had been assigned to secure. In all it had been necessary for him to secure five passes and make no less than ten elevator trips. Is it not time that some of this humbug should be eliminated?

* * *

IT may be a bit irreverent, but Mr. Speaker Sproule doesn't mean it that way. The former Grand Master of the Orange Order, after a careful tutelage, is glibly offering the prayers of the House of Commons en Francais. It is true that the honourable gentleman parlez-vous's with an accent of his own, and no assurance has been vouchsafed that Heaven understands. But Parliament has the assurance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. F. D. Monk that he has done himself credit. Nevertheless it is difficult for the French-Canadian members to preserve the orthodox solemnity of the occasion when Mr. Speaker undertakes the beginning of the Lord's prayer. It is the presiding officer's accent. He has not yet been able to differentiate between the word "sceau," which the initiated tell us stands for "pail" or "bucket" in the homely English tongue, and "cieux," which, being translated, meaneth the Heavens. As a consequence, when the good Doctor uses the "sceau" instead of the "cieux" in the opening bars of his daily chant, it is a severe test on the decorum of the linguists in Parliament. But Mr. Speaker says it so solemnly that he saves the situation.

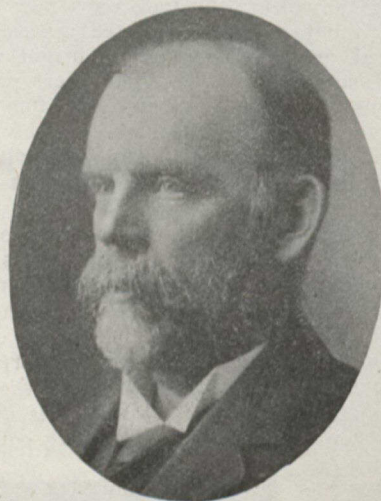
H. W. A.

DIRECT vs. INDIRECT TAXATION

A Reply to Professor Leacock

By DR. MICHAEL CLARKE, M.P.

NO exception can possibly be taken to the statement, in Professor Leacock's first article, to which this is a reply, that the subject of the respective merits of direct and indirect taxation ought to be approached in a spirit of fair-mindedness and of freedom from the personal point of view. Neither can there be any doubt as to the accuracy of his view that there is great need of enlightenment upon the subject. It is almost in the nature of things that this need will be greater under indirect than under direct taxation, for obscurity and disguise are the virtues claimed by its defenders for indirect taxation. "It is necessary to pluck the goose without making it squeal," said Mr. Chamberlain at the outset of his protectionist propagandism. Whereto the obvious answer surely is that the vital thing for the goose is the extent of the plucking, which will evidently be better discovered without the superaddition of unconsciousness. But this is anticipating.



MICHAEL CLARKE, M.D.,
Member of Parliament for Red Deer.

Protection, as the Professor points out, may be studied in a double relationship—to trade, that is, and to taxation. It is doubtful if it would long persist anywhere without the double line of defence. From the trade point of view, protection seems on the surface to put itself out of court by appealing so powerfully, as it indisputably does, to the "personal point of view" of the interests, which so notoriously benefit by it. On the other hand, it appeals equally powerfully to the politician as a tax-raiser. "Protection is always founded on industrial greed and political cowardice," says Hobson, the well known British economist. The present article, however, is only concerned with questions of taxation.

We are told that each of the two forms of taxation—direct and indirect—has its own peculiar re-

commendations and short comings. Mr. Leacock's enumeration of these, however, is by no means convincing or complete. But as a more detailed comparison is promised, it is only needful now to deal with what is actually advanced. Before proceeding to examine the only controversial position, it should be pointed out that the facts and figures as to customs in Canada and Britain are very interesting, but the fundamental difference in fact and principle between the two countries in their handling of customs may be more clearly stated. In Britain duties are collected only on articles not produced in the country, and are consequently paid by all, but confer no incidental benefits upon any. They constitute a tariff for revenue only. In Canada duties are collected more particularly on articles produced in Canada as well as abroad, and such duties evidently convey incidental protection, or in other words, confer a financial privilege on certain classes of the community at the expense of the whole.

The advantages of direct taxation are so many that no quarrel need be picked with Mr. Leacock for giving pre-eminence to the only one he names. He concedes that it is a salutary check on extravagance. Herbert Spencer forcibly urges this point in these words: "Everyone who receives the benefits which government gives should pay some share of the costs of government, and should directly and not indirectly pay it. This last requirement is all-important. The aim of the politician commonly is to raise public funds in such ways as shall leave the citizen partly or wholly unconscious of the deductions made from his income. Customs and excise duties are not unfrequently advocated for the reason that through them it is possible to draw from a people a larger revenue than could be drawn were the amount contributed by each demanded from him by the taxpayer. But this system, being one which takes furtively sums which it would be difficult to get openly, achieves an end which should not be achieved. The resistance to taxation, thus evaded, is a wholesome resistance; and, if not evaded, would put a proper check on public expenditure. Had each citizen to pay in a visible and tangible form his proportion of taxes, the sum would be so large that all would insist on economy in the performance of necessary functions and would resist the assumption of unnecessary functions; whereas at present, offered as each citizen is certain benefits he is unconscious of paying for, he is tempted to approve of extravagance; and is prompted to take the course, unknowingly if not knowingly dishonest, extravagance is a result of indirect taxation, then, of obtaining benefits at other men's expense." That

is admitted by Herbert Spencer and Prof. Leacock alike. Gladstone was fond of quoting one of Cobden's brief and pithy sayings, viz., "Public economy is public virtue." It almost follows that public extravagance is public vice. Hence this part of the indictment of indirect taxation would not be complete without pointing out that in the wake of extravagance follow graft, political corruption, low estimates of public men, and absence of ideals from our conceptions of citizenship. We do not produce statesmen, but politicians, and someone has said that a statesman looks out for what he can do for his country, but a politician looks out for what his country can do for him.

Not wholly unconnected with the immediately foregoing is the possibility that a university professor can be found to set it down as a defect of direct taxation that it must be paid regularly and promptly. While this is no real financial disadvantage, it is surely a huge civil and moral gain. Slovenly irregularity and dilatoriness have never been considered virtues in private life, while prompt payments are a benefit both to him who receives and him who pays. It will tax the professor's ingenuity to show that these considerations do not equally apply to the public life of the country. For we shall only develop the highest citizenship and the noblest fatherland by acting steadfastly on the belief that we must have the same rules of morality for men and nations. If Professor Leacock is not quite convincing as to the single alleged defect of direct taxation, he is absolutely unfortunate alike in his argument, illustration, and authorities on the supposed advantage of indirect taxation. The illustration is the case of a man buying a suit of British cloth. The argument is that, if he does not buy the suit, he won't have to pay the tax. Direct taxes find him in adversity, so the learned controversialist tells us, but the indirect tax keeps away then. Yes, but so does the suit of clothes. What consolation is it to a man that he won't have to pay an indirect tax on a suit of clothes he can't afford to buy. His position would then be one of adversity indeed, especially if it overtook him during a Canadian winter. The professor seems to have felt he was

on weak ground, for he seeks shelter under great authorities by quoting Bastable and Adam Smith. Bastable fortifies him with an "if." "If," he says, "the best tax is that whose forms most effectually disguise its nature, there can be no doubt of the superior merit of the indirect ones." But as disguise and evasion are scarcely ever resorted to except for nefarious purposes, Bastable's condition cannot be conceded, nor the conclusion accepted. In taxation, as in other affairs of life, men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. The pestilence that walketh in darkness is the pestilence nevertheless. The tariff highwayman resembles Dirk Turpin in preferring to work by night. But the darkness is no consolation to the victim in either case. Mr. Leacock set out to give enlightenment, and, lo! he conducts us into darkness.

And what about Adam Smith? It is necessary here to give the professor in full. "Even Adam Smith, the great free trade economist, was not without a certain praise of indirect taxes on commodities. The citizen, he says, 'pays them little by little, as he has occasion to buy the goods. He is at liberty to buy or not to buy as he pleases.'" The whole passage from Smith reads, "Taxes upon such consumable goods as are *articles of luxury*, are all finally paid by the consumer, and generally in a manner that is very convenient for him. He pays them by little and little, as he has occasion to buy the goods. He is at liberty to buy, or not to buy, as he pleases."

The difference between Smith as quoted by Professor Leacock and Smith is the difference between a suit of clothes and a glass of whisky.

Smith's real views on the question are placed beyond all doubt in emphatic words to be found in a paragraph almost immediately preceding that from which the professor makes his misleading and partial quotation. The words are as follows, and relate specifically to taxes: "The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear and plain to the contributor, and to every other person."

Certainly the meaning of these words ought to be clear and plain to Professor Leacock, and ought to

save him from ever again sheltering behind the great name of Adam Smith in an attempt to bolster up indirect taxation. This method of treating the mighty dead is scarcely an example for the "fair-mindedness" which the professor set out by commending to his readers.

The Tariff Commission

(The Ottawa Free Press.)

THE debate in the House of Commons makes it clear once more how difficult it is to take the tariff out of politics. In fact, it seems to be quite impossible.

The Minister of Finance and the Premier each put forward good arguments in favour of the creation of the proposed tariff commission as an advisory board. They each admitted that it was the intention to appoint the members of the commission from the standpoint of the party now in power, that is the party which is inclined to favour a higher, rather than a lower, tariff. That was their right; but they did not seem to realize the circumstance that they were offering the Liberals a chance for retaliation when their time comes once again.

It is quite evident that the Tariff Commission, as designed by Mr. Borden and Mr. White, is to be a commission which shall go thoroughly into the whole subject. It is apparent that they desire to start upon a certain basis of fairness, but it is also apparent that it is to be a commission with leanings towards a high tariff rather than to a low tariff.

And we, therefore, while in entire favour of the creation of a tariff commission, have come to the conclusion that the proposal of Hon. Mr. White is not sufficient to meet the demands of the people. What the people ask is a commission which shall throw light upon all the operations of the tariff, both as concerns producer and consumer; what the government proposes is a secret inquisition, the details of whose work shall only be available for the Minister of Finance and his colleagues.

That will not satisfy the people.

WELCOMING THEIR MAJESTIES BACK FROM INDIA



A view of the throng assembled outside of Buckingham Palace and under the shadow of the Queen Victoria Memorial to greet the King and Queen on their homecoming. In the distance stretches the famous thoroughfare known as the King's Way.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S
Where a Service of Thanksgiving was held for the safe return of Their Majesties from their travels abroad.

The Pekinese Puppies on Show.

THE Pekin Palace Dog Show was an event of interest to a great many people in London, England last month. It was held in the Horticultural Hall and over a hundred dogs were benched. To judge by the expressions of injured dignity on the faces of the basket of beauties shown on this page, their first experience at a show was not the most pleasant in the world. However, their discomfort was probably more than over-balanced by the pleasure of their proud proprietors in exhibiting to an admiring audience their petted darlings.

"Tai Tung of Mine," whose picture also appears, was a prize-winner. He is very fond of the mascot photographed with him, often nursing it and showing it great affection, and refusing absolutely to travel without it.

The Restless Feminine.

BY CANADIENNE.

A CRITICISM often expressed concerning the women of today, especially those who inhabit the northern half of the American Continent, is that they lack repose. We are represented as fussy in the extreme, always in a hurry, and given to loud talking and shrill laughter. However, when we read the writers of a century ago, we come to the conclusion that novelists and essayists have always suffered much from feminine vivacity, if their published complaints are to be credited. That delightful Eighteenth Century cynic, Horace Walpole, in writing to his friend, Miss Hannah More, complains resentfully of the London girl's lack of repose and declares that it would be impossible to make love to her since she does not stand still long enough for a man to express his devotion. This last assertion appears to corroborate the New York philosopher, who is of the belief that motion cures emotion and that grief cannot survive an aeroplane flight or a five-thousand-mile motor trip.

Restlessness, like all other conditions, is merely a matter of comparison. We may be extremely volatile in comparison with the Oriental nations and yet the Canadians of 2012 A.D. may look back pityingly to their poor tortoise-like ancestors who considered fifty miles an hour a rapid rate of travel.

The woman of the Twentieth Century is inevitably in sympathy with the swiftly-moving times; and, although she may occasionally be obliged to sacrifice repose, in order to attend to all the details of the day's varied work, she is more adapted to the demands of modern existence than was Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

* * *

The Same Old Story.

HE is a bright boy, twelve years of age, who takes an interest in the affairs of the country, as very youthful patriots are inclined to do. His mother is asked at least half a hundred questions during the day, to all of which she replies with more or less patience and discrimination. Lately, he asked her who the Sikhs are and why they are causing any trouble in British Columbia. She endeavoured to explain the situation and was rather taken aback when the small boy remarked pensively:

"It seems to me, it's always women who cause all the troubles of us men."

* * *

No Jokes on Jiu-Jitsu.

IT is next to impossible to please everyone in this exceedingly upsetting world. We know how much Canadian humour has recently been discussed and how hard the Toronto *Globe* has worked to convince us that there are a few jokes left in the Dominion. On a certain fine, clear winter's morning, during the last fortnight, the *Globe* published a facetious editorial on the subject of suffragettes and jiu-jitsu. It seems that a fair creature named Edith is teaching that gentle art in Old London, so that the voting ladies may be able to defend themselves against the brutal police. The *Globe* became mirthful to exuberance over the consternation of Sir James Whitney and Hon. W. J. Hanna, to say nothing of Colonel Matheson, at the prospect of being attacked by Ontario suffragettes, instructed in this Japanese method of self-defence. Alas for the rarity of Canadian humour, under the malign influence of a February frost. Just as we are all enjoying the little excursion into pleasantry on the

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

part of the great Liberal organ, a lady of the Slavonic signature, "Conia Leathes," writes to protest against such flippancy on a subject so fraught with importance to the State. Perhaps, a woman of Canadian birth would have seen the joke and en-



PEKINESE PUPPIES

A basketful of pets having their first experience at a dog show.

couraged the *Globe* to persevere in its laudable attempts to add to the gayety of the Dominion. It is truly depressing to see the whimsical fancies of



"TAI TUNG OF MINE" AND HIS MASCOT.

the humorous editor nipped in the bud by the lady who is determined to see nothing but stern reality in the battle for the ballot.

* * *

The Modern Grandmother.

IN these days, we hear constantly of the woman who keeps herself young. It is curious that we do not talk about feeling young and life being merely a matter of thinking youthful thoughts, until after there are silvery threads among the gold and a faint tracery of tell-tale lines about the eyes and mouth. After all, there is no substitute for youth, just as there is no royal road to learning. We may keep the joyous heart and the unwearied enthusiasm, but there is no denying the fact that the years leave an unmistakable mark. Listen to the chatter of a group of school-girls, and, however much you may enjoy it and sympathize with the fun, it all seems rather far-away from the days when you knew no disappointment more keen than the failure of a new party gown to arrive in time for the great event. Those, perhaps, were the days of most poignant sorrows, too, and you can never again be as utterly miserable as you were at the age of seventeen.

Yet the sprightly grandmothers of to-day have their own vigorous charm and are not to be compared unfavourably with the placid dames of another generation who took to the chimney corner and knitting, just as soon as the sixtieth birthday

arrived. The modern grandmother seldom appears in cap or shawl and is quite likely to belong to the Daughters of the Empire or the Woman's Canadian Club. And this is quite as it should be, for a social life is not complete when made up entirely of the immature. A traveller says that the charm of domestic life in France is the gayety of the grandmother who is always included in social festivities, and who, as Goldsmith tells us, "frisks beneath the burden of fourscore."

A dear old grandmother, over eighty years of age, who has never attended the theatre, was recently urged by her youthful grand-daughter to attend a performance of "The Blue Bird." Grandfather's sanction was sought. After listening gravely to an account of the excellencies of the play, he said pensively:

"Well, I don't think I'd object to her going this once, if the play is as good as you say; but I wouldn't like her to get the habit."

* * *

Woman Suffrage Opposed.

SO freely have the suffragettes expressed their decided opinions in favour of the vote that it is interesting to hear the sentiments of one just as decidedly opposed to it. Some excellent arguments are set forth in a letter written by Clementina Fessenden to the editor of the *Mail and Empire*. To back her anti-suffragette attitude Mrs. Fessenden writes:

"Because women are not capable of full citizenship, for the simple reason that they are not available for purposes of national and Imperial defence. No civilized nation would ever place its women on the firing line.

"Because all government rests ultimately on force, to which women, owing to physical, moral and social reasons are not capable of contributing.

"Because any restricted suffrage would tend to exclude those women who assume the responsibilities of motherhood, and to admit large classes of women whom it is least desirable to endow with political power.

"Because there is little doubt that the vast majority of women do not desire to have the vote, and should not be compelled to action by an irresponsible minority.

"Because past legislation shows that the interests of women are perfectly safe in the hands of men. Experience shows that in industrial and social matters a woman generally obtains more sympathy from the masculine than her own sex.

"Because women have at present a vast indirect influence through their own men folk on the politics of this country, an influence they would destroy for the sake of an impossible ideal of equality.

"Because anything that tends still further to divert the attention of women from the interests of home and the care of children would inflict the worst possible injury on the highest welfare of the nation.

"And here I take high ground, because of its importance to the future of our race, though with some reluctance I place it before would-be women voters, thus plainly the strongest reason of all. I quote from Frederick Morrison, whose essays on 'Realities and Ideals' are worth considering, especially as his wife is one of the strongest supporters of the Anti-Suffrage League in England. He says: 'There is one feature in the feminine organization which for industrial and political purposes is more important than all. It is subject to physical interruptions absolutely incompatible with the very highest forms of continuous pressure. With all women it involves some interruptions to the maximum working capacity. Now, for all the really severe strains of industrial, professional and public careers, the first condition of success is the power to endure long-continued pressure at the highest point without the risk of sudden collapse—even for one hour. It is owing to a very natural shrinking from hard facts, and a somewhat misplaced conventionality, that this fundamental point has been kept out of sight, whilst androgynous ignorance goes about claiming for woman a life of toil and pain and danger, for which every physician, every husband, every biologist, every mother, every true woman knows that women by the laws of nature are unfit.

"As anti-suffragists we accept this finding of Dr. Weir Mitchell: 'The highest and best evolution of the mind will never be safely reached until the women accepts the decree, which made her woman, not man. Something in between she cannot be.'



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



The Traveller Wind.

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

DO you know the voice of the wind at night
 Little child, little child?
 How he shouts aloud as a giant might,
 Then laughs at some thought of sheer de-
 light
 And whispers it low and mild?

He has such stories to tell you, dear,
 (Listen long, listen well.)
 As poets and children love to hear,
 Of lands unknown and a by-gone year
 And marvel and magic spell.

He will put you to sleep with his traveller-tales;
 (Cuddle close, cuddle warm.)
 When the grown-ups say, "How the wild wind
 wails,"

You may be hearing of silver sails
 That flash through a fairy storm.

He will tell you of towers that touch the sky
 And of treasures buried deep—
 Then laugh at his own wild runes, and sigh,
 And weave them into a lullaby
 To sing you to sleep, to sleep.

The Paths of Princes

EVEN to the trade of kings and queens
 there must be an apprenticeship.
 Indeed its severity robs the young princes
 in their earliest years of all sorts of
 pleasures and delights that fall to the
 lot of young people in less exalted
 spheres of life.

So oppressive is the constant watching
 to which royalty is subjected during the
 first twenty years of its existence that
 two of the princes of the reigning house
 of Bavaria actually ran away from
 home to obtain a taste of freedom. One
 of them, Charles, second son of Prince
 Louis, the future King of Bavaria, was
 some eighteen years of age when he
 gave his mentor, Baron von Soden, the
 slip and effected his escape from Munich
 alone and on foot, with the object of
 tramping to Hamburg, whence he pur-
 posed to work his passage by shipping,
 before the mast to America, so as to see
 something of the world. Ill-equipped
 for any such venture in the way of
 money, jewelry, clothes or experience,
 he met with all sorts of extraordinary adventures
 on the road until, having been in turn robbed,
 beaten, driven from village inn doors as a tramp,
 he landed, overcome by hunger, cold, fatigue, foot-
 soreness and bruises, in the pauper ward of the hos-
 pital of Schwandorf. It was only after being bathed
 and put to bed that one of the attendants caught
 sight of the royal coronet on his linen, which led to
 an inquiry that resulted in the discovery of his rank.
 Conveyed back to Munich, the "Official Gazette"
 a few days later contained the announcement that
 Prince Charles had been sentenced by the Regent
 (his grandfather) to three months' close arrest
 "for leaving Munich without the permission of the
 chief of his family" (that is, the Regent), "or of
 the officer to whose orders he was subject," namely,
 Baron von Soden.

No mention was made of the young runaway
 Prince's parents. They had no voice in the matter.
 It is the sovereign alone who exercises any authority
 over the young people of the reigning houses of

Europe. His authority over-rides that of their
 father and mother. He, and not they, determines
 the particular course of study which a princelet is
 to pursue; it is he who, often without any regard
 to their wishes, selects the royal lad's tutors and the
 royal maiden's governesses. This is because of the
 possibility of the youngster's succeeding some day
 to the throne.

The education of the children of all classes in
 Canada is regarded here as a matter of such vital
 importance to the commonwealth as to dominate
 State and municipal legislation, and to warrant the
 ungrudging expenditure of millions upon millions
 of dollars—looked upon as a profitable investment.
 Still more important, therefore, must be the youth-
 ful training of those royal princes and princesses
 who, succeeding to the throne, become intrusted
 with the direction of entire nations.

The education of royalty is of a far more exten-
 sive character than that of the ordinary citizen.
 For whereas the latter's training in his boyhood
 and in his teens is directed toward some particular
 profession for which he has to qualify himself, a
 future sovereign is required to know something
 about everything. Thus the German Crown Prince,
 although married and the father of several bonnie



PRINCESS IOLOANDA OF ITALY.

the grand-nephew of Francis Joseph, and destined
 one day to take his place on the throne, has received
 much of his schooling in the public schools of
 Vienna, where he frequently might be seen sitting
 beside sons of mechanics, of artisans and of small
 shopkeepers, these boys, far from envying him,
 being disposed on the contrary to pity the young
 Archduke for not enjoying the same degree of
 liberty, of freedom and of independence
 as themselves.

This idea of sending future Emperors
 to school is a concession to the demo-
 cratic spirit of the age, and its aim is to
 bring a future sovereign into personal
 and intimate touch with his future sub-
 jects, and thus to foster bonds of sym-
 pathy between the throne and the people.
 The olden times, when the very touch of
 royalty was regarded as possessed of
 semi-divine properties, and when the
 person of the heir to the crown was
 looked upon as so sacred that in his
 youth so-called "whipping boys" re-
 cruited from the aristocracy were kept
 in order to receive in his stead the chastise-
 ment called forth by his misconduct,
 are long since past and gone.

The young Duke of Cornwall, the
 new heir apparent of Great Britain, has
 been through quite as many boyish
 rough and tumble fights at the naval
 colleges of Osborne and of Dartmouth
 as his father went through on board the
 training ship Britannia. Indeed, King
 George is on record as having been
 court-martialled when a midshipman by
 his gun-room mess-mates on the Bac-
 chante for having refused to do his turn
 on watch, and after having been duly sentenced
 to have undergone a particularly severe spanking,
 administered by the middie who had been compelled
 to do double duty in his stead. Emperor William
 is credited with having been quite free in the ad-
 ministration of personal chastisement to his many
 sons when they were boys, and one of the most
 amusing snapshots ever made by Queen Alexandra
 is one which represents the late King at Frogmore
 leading his eldest grandson, the young Duke of
 Cornwall, by the ear, to his mother, the then Prin-
 cess of Wales, to undergo condign punishment for
 some especially exasperating bit of mischief of
 which he had just rendered himself guilty.

The altogether Spartan severity with which the
 present King of Italy was educated at his father's
 behest, by stern old Col. Osio is known to but few,
 and while it is possible that the rigorous treatment
 to which the royal lad was subjected by the Colonel
 and which cost his mother, Queen Marguerite, many
 a bitter tear, may have contributed to mould his
 singularly fine character as ruler, it certainly
 blighted his youth. Nearly all the royal nurseries
 of Europe, and quite a number of those in Asia,
 are in charge of Scotch or English women, that at
 (Continued on page 23.)



T.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY



THE THREE SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

children, is not regarded even now as having com-
 pleted his education. As a soldier he is obliged to
 keep abreast of every branch of military science,
 which reaches its highest point of development in
 the German army, of which he might be called
 upon at any moment to assume supreme command
 in the event of his father's death. In addition to
 this the Kaiser has insisted that his son should
 study the various branches of the civil administra-
 tion of the Government. He has therefore been
 attached for months together to each in turn of the
 great ministerial departments, where he has been
 required to spend several hours a day acquainting
 himself with all the questions connected therewith,
 so as to be able, when sovereign, to supervise the
 civil as well as the military service of the state
 with the eye of a thoroughly experienced master.

And this training has been going on for fifteen
 years or more—that is to say, this mingled civilian
 and military apprenticeship destined to fit the hard-
 worked Crown Prince for the onerous responsibili-
 ties and duties of rulership of the German Empire.
 Before that he and his brothers went through a
 course of training at the military cadet school of
 Ploen, and then spent a couple of years on the
 benches of the public school at Cassel, mingling
 freely with schoolmates drawn from every class of
 German life, after which, like their father before
 them, they were sent to the University of Bonn, on
 the Rhine. They were far, however, from having
 so pleasant a life as their school and college mates
 belonging to the humbler walks of life, for they
 were obliged to devote the hours of recess, the
 holidays and the weeks of vacation to the pursuit
 of studies of matters concerning which knowledge is
 demanded of royalty but not of the ordinary citizen.

In Austria, too, the Archduke, Francis Charles,



THE PRINCE OF THE AUSTRIAS, THE INFANTA BEATRICE, AND THE INFANT D. JAIME OF SPAIN.

COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen, two boxes
 of Holland linen note paper will be awarded
 for the best two stories about Wild Animals.
 Manuscript must be marked with the age of
 the writer, and be certified as original by
 parent or guardian. Contest closes April 1st.

AN ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCE

By THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

POLICEMAN GRADY sighed with satisfaction as he left the roar of the great thoroughfare and turned into the sleepy stillness of the shabby street. Outside a little bird-shop a goldfinch whistled in his cage. Just beyond, a small servant girl with a brilliant green can was sprinkling the dusty sidewalk in an elaborate pattern.

A coster passed with a barrow of purple and yellow flowers. The voice of the coster was not sweet, but the old woman sitting knitting in the striped shadow of the bird cages looked up and smiled at him.

It was spring.

Policeman Grady bought a nosegay, and the little girl watched enviously, swinging the empty water-can on her thin arm.

Beyond, in the sleepy old square the trees were breaking out into a soft, foam-coloured mist.

A butcher's boy passed, basket on head, whistling shrilly.

A horse chestnut tree gleamed redly in the straw-coloured sunlight. The sky was blue, flecked with ragged little scraps of cloud.

Policeman Grady whistled under his breath, and rubbed his nose softly with the bunch of violets.

He left the street, and came into the square. Some nurse-maids and children were lounging in the sun, an old man wrapped in a grey shawl sat reading a newspaper in a wheelchair, while his servant talked to the nurse-maids.

Grady sighed contentedly, and relaxed his military carriage into a comfortable slouch.

"This is nice, this is," he thought, "and by jabers, if that isn't a robin!"

A shabbily dressed woman was coming towards him from the other side of the square. He noticed that she had a bunch of flowers in her hand.

She was the only person in sight, barring the old gentleman and the nurses and children.

Suddenly there was a sharp cry, the shabby woman fell to the ground, and was instantly surrounded by a crowd. The never missing street crowd.

"Good heavens, John, it is a fit," cried the old gentleman. The servant left his master, and rushed to the close circle of people.

"Give 'er some air!" "Lor', she's foaming at the mouth!" "See 'er eyes!" "Oh, Lor'!" "Look out, 'ere's the p'l'ceman!"

Grady pushed his way through the crowd. The woman was rolling on the ground, gasping horribly; drops of froth hung from her chin.

Her bonnet was pushed far back on her blazing red hair, her hands jerked convulsively at her collar.

"Keep back, keep back!" ordered the policeman gruffly. It was all he could do.

In a few seconds the paroxysm was over. The woman struggled to a sitting posture. "I—ixcuse me," she said, painfully. "I can't tell when they're a-comin' on. Oh, Lord, I'm so sleepy."

"If she's sleepy, John," cried the old man, who had wheeled himself near with the great strength of curiosity, "it's epilepsy."

The people near him turned round. "Can't sleep here, old cove," suggested a small boy with a black eye. "Better go 'ome and sleep it off."

Grady stared impatiently at the sky. This was no case for him.

The woman struggled to her feet, buttoning her collar with trembling fingers. "Ain't got no 'ome," she said. "Don't I look like I lived in Grosvenor Square?" She wiped the foam from her lips with the back of her hand, and laughed unevenly.

The old gentleman took a coin from his pocket. "Here, John, give her this, poor soul."

The woman took the money gratefully, and moved slowly away.

"It's a shame, it is," exclaimed a woman with a baby in her arms. "I'll give her a sixpence myself." A telegraph boy took off his cap and handed it around.

Grady watched as the woman crept off down the street. "Thank Heaven it wasn't a drunk and disorderly," he thought.

AFTER a few minutes Grady left the deserted square; the crowd had disappeared as quickly as it had come. On the corner a hurdy-gurdy was grinding out the waltz from La Boheme, while a small monkey danced solemnly, a heart broken grin on its grotesque little countenance.

"Dalla, Balla, Vittoria!" said the Italian, jerking the string. The policeman nodded to the man as he passed. A girl was singing scales high up in a house in the middle of the next block. A bridal party passed next, the bride leaning well forward that she might be seen.

Grady was thinking of a woman he had known years ago—in Ireland.

The red hair of the woman in the square had brought her back to him vividly.

"She'd be about her age now," he said to himself. "Poor little Katie." Then he thought of his wife and his two grown children with a sort of dreary satisfaction. The spring feeling is like the sap in a tree, it is irrepresible. And the man was half sad, and half happy. Autumn is the time for a perfect content with creature comfort. The air and the smells of spring are at best bitter-sweet. He had in his hand two little knots of flowers; the violets he had bought, and the yellow spring things the poor woman had carried. When she had gone he had found them crushed in the gravel and picked them up.

A clock banged. Grady looked at his watch. Half-past eleven. At noon he was due at his "headquarters."

He turned into a busy street with a sigh.

Suddenly he noticed a little crowd across the way.

"Here, Cop! Woman 'avin' a fit!"

Grady shoved his way through the cluster of people, nearly falling in the slippery mud.

"See 'er tongue!" "Ain't it horrid?" "Tis too hepilepsy! My mother-in-law has 'em, an' I ought to know."

Grady pushed the speakers away roughly.

"Come, come, give her some air, cawn't you? Mother o'God, it's the same woman!"

This ejaculation had a strange effect on the sufferer. She stopped rolling her eyes, and looked up anxiously for a second.

"Come, you get up and come along with me," went on Grady, sternly. "It's a fake," he added to the audience. "She was at it an hour ago in X-square."

"Lor'!" "Clever, wasn't it?" "But the foam?"

"Soap!" answered the patient with a sudden laugh. She ran out her tongue. On it rested a bit of yellowish white stuff.

"Give me a sixpence, some of yer! The game was worth it, wasn't it?" She rose and began to rub the mud off her clothes. "There ain't another soul in town that can do it. I'm Epilepsy Kitty!"

"Well, Epilepsy Kitty, you come along with me," put in Grady. "The British Government will have a little account to settle with you!"

The woman followed him willingly enough, and when they were at a little distance from the scene of the comedy, she looked up at him, a smile in her frosty blue eyes. "Well, Danny Grady," she said, "it's many a long day since we parted!"

"Then it's Katie Rourke, you are?"

"No other."

He laughed. "It's unpleasant work arresting old friends, Katie—could you just cut away now?"

She laughed too. She had a pleasant, gurgling laugh. "Deed and I could, Danny dear. But first—I'd like to see you sometime, and talk over old times with you—"

"Healy's Hotel at six," he said, then suddenly and sternly, "Move on there now! Be off!"

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TORONTO

MOTOR CHIT-CHAT

Motors at Rideau Hall.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, the Duke of Connaught, is the first Governor-General of Canada to use the motor car as a regular method of conveyance.

When the Earl of Minto was the King's representative in Canada, the automobile was in the noisy, sputtering stage, like a squalling infant. Lord Minto drove in his stately coach and never dreamed of motoring.

In the Grey regime the motor car was perfected, but the Governor-General and his family remained true to the horse.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are the first tenants of Government House, Ottawa, to utilize motor cars as their chief mode of travelling to and from the city and surrounding country.

When the Dominion Government learned that the brother of the late King Edward VII. had been appointed Governor-General of Canada, and that he would require accommodation at Rideau Hall for a number of motor cars, work was started at once on the erection of a garage.

The garage is a two storey brick building, situated on the north side of the royal residence, and within a stone's throw of it. It is splendidly equipped, having every convenience. The chauffeurs reside in the upper flat of the garage.

The Duke has brought over from the old land two of the most handsome cars ever seen in this country. Both cars are 38 horse power, a silent engine, four cylinder, Daimiers.

* * *

Motor Trucks and Their Cost.

THE question of the cost of running an auto truck depends upon level streets, and the absence of snow in winter. An auto truck will climb any grade or hill, and it will defy almost any reasonable fall of snow. Nevertheless, grades and heavy snow falls add to the cost of operation. For example, it costs more to operate a truck in Toronto than in Detroit where the streets are more level. For the same reason it costs more to operate a truck in Montreal than in Toronto.

One motor truck company which has had experience all over the United States has compiled a table showing that the daily cost of a two-ton truck that averages 70 miles a day is \$10.60; that a three-ton machine averaging 62 miles a day, \$12.20; of a four-ton truck averaging 55 miles a day, \$13.80, and of a five-ton truck averaging 50 miles a day, \$15.

Figures for 1,500-pound wagons are furnished by another company. They apply to nearly 1,000 of these light wagons in various parts of the country and in many lines of trade. The results of the tabulation show the average daily cost of running such a wagon capable of averaging 70 miles daily in regular service to be \$86.10 a month, or \$3.20 a day. This table does not include any charge for storage or garage work nor any insurance premium.

According to the testimony of large business houses it costs from \$6 to \$6.50 a day to keep a wagon and team of horses at work of three such outfits, and effects a saving in operation of 3 1-3 per cent.

* * *

Motor Boats at Ottawa.

THE Ottawa Motor Boat Association is looking about for a clubhouse site along the Rideau Canal. The site must have at least a thousand feet frontage in order to accommodate the members and their craft.

Ottawa has the motor boat fever due to the fact that it is an ideal centre for the sport. The two Rivers, the Ottawa and the Rideau are convenient and suitable. The three favourite cruises are Ottawa to Kingston via the Rideau River; from Britannia or Aylmer to Chats' Falls up the Ottawa, and from Ottawa to Grenville down

the Ottawa. The first of these is the most popular. The distance is about one hundred and twenty miles, while the scenery on the Rideau is matchless. It is estimated that there are three hundred motor boats in Ottawa ranging from four hundred to a thousand dollars with a total value approximating one hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

Motor Cycles.

WHEN bicycles were one hundred and fifty dollars each only a few enthusiasts could own one. Motor cycles are more expensive than bicycles ever were, and it is natural to suppose that their use will be limited. It is wonderful, however, how many motor cycles there are in use. During 1911 there were twenty-five motor cycles sold for every one sold in 1909. In two years the progress has been tremendous.

The motor cycle also has this advantage. It can be used for business purposes. Policemen on special duty and on suburban duty find it very useful. In time it will no doubt be used by firemen, postmen, doctors, contractors, surveyors and other persons whose business is benefited by quick transportation. The country will be greatly benefited if the plumbers could be induced to adopt them. It might not reduce charges, but it would at least reduce time.

When these new vehicles first come in they are used more by sportsmen and those desirous of getting new sensations. It was so with the bicycle and with the motor car as well as the motor cycle. As the bicycle and the motor car came to be more and more a matter of business and social convenience, such will be the fate of the motor cycle. The models show this year exhibit a degree of perfection which is almost marvellous. The free clutch has made a tremendous difference, and there are other features equally important. The improvement of the highways which is now promised by the Dominion Government should help motor cycling, especially if it comes in time to forestall the popularity of the airship. Government work is usually pretty slow, but it is just possible that the good roads may get here before the aeroplanes become a household necessity.

* * *

Toronto's Auto Show.

AT the Toronto Auto Show, which opened on Wednesday of this week, there is being displayed to the public the most magnificent collection of pleasure cars, automobile trucks, and all the accessories of the industry that has ever been seen in Canada.

On the opening night of the Show visitors were greeted with the patriotic sight of an immense Union Jack covering the entire ceiling of the hall. This big blaze of light was formed of bunting outlined with thousands of individual electric bulbs. From the centre hangs an immense crown which measures fifteen feet in height and fourteen feet in diameter. This also is formed of coloured lights, over one thousand of them being used.

The visitors at this season's auto shows remark the improved finish on the cars of the 1912 models over those of former seasons. The manufacturers are devoting more attention to this aspect of the trade. The growing use of the self-starter is a feature this season, and while it has been known to some extent for some years, it is only recently that it sprang into popular favour owing to the improved types put on the market.

A good roads convention is being held during the week of the Toronto Auto Show, by the Ontario Good Roads Association. The dates for the convention are February 26th, 27th, 28th, and special railroad rates will apply for all autoists of the Province who wish to attend. One of the chief speakers will be Mr. Paul D. Sargeant, Assistant Director of the Office of Good Roads, Washington.

The Paths of Princes

(Continued from page 19.)

the King's Palace at Rome having at its head a Mrs. Dickson. The future King of Spain has likewise a couple of English nurses, while Queen Wilhelmina of Holland had first an English nurse and then an English governess. Until a year or so ago the Czar's children were under the care of an English governess, and a few years before the death of Alexander III. he, with his brothers, the Granddukes Vladimir, Alexis, Paul and Sergius attended the funeral at St. Petersburg of the old Scotch woman who had been their nurse in childhood, tramping for nearly two miles through the streets in the snow behind her coffin, and bearing with their own hands the coffin from the hearse to the grave. Emperor

William and his brother and sisters were all tended in their early childhood by English or Scotch nurses, who are even to-day to be found at Cairo caring for the young children of the Khedive, in spite of the ill will toward England with which he is credited.

This preference for English—or, rather, Scotch—nurses on the part of foreign royalty is due in the first place to the fact that they are regarded as more reliable and more possessed of independence, commonsense and knowledge of infant health than women of the same class of any other nationality. Then, too, Scotchwomen are famed throughout Europe for the peculiar sweetness of tone of their voices.

This will surely tend to increase the feeling of brotherhood between people of all nations and hasten the time when there will be no more war.

Frightened Him.—Lespes, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving.

Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee, tranquilly.

It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.—The Argonaut.

A Big Change.—A Frenchman who had spent thirty years in prison was asked what change in the world surprised him most. He passed over aeroplanes, and motors, and phonographs, and said: "When I went to prison women were quite round. Now they are flat and oblong."

Still a Slave.—It was his first visit to the United States, and he was anxious to see as much of it as possible in a short time. In a brief visit to the South he met an aged negro who had been a slave.

"How interesting," he remarked. "And after the war you had your freedom?"

The old man looked at him half sadly, half sheepishly, shook his woolly head and said: "No, sah. Ah didn't git no freedom—Ah done wus married."

Obliging.—Clerk—Can you let me off to-morrow afternoon? My wife wants me to go shopping with her.

Employer—Certainly not. We are much too busy.

Clerk—Thank you very much, sir. You are very kind!—London Opinion.

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Twenty-Third Annual Report

Remarkable Growth in All Departments—Profits to Policy-Holders Particularly Noteworthy

PROMINENT FEATURES

BUSINESS. Policies issued and revived, \$2,471,743. Total business in force \$12,230,657, being an increase for the year of \$1,511,891, the largest in the Company's history.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE. Cash income from premiums (net), \$374,422.58; from interest, \$153,901.46; total, \$528,333.94; an increase over 1910 of \$64,588.85. Out of this income \$100,745.87 was paid to policy-holders and a balance of \$286,209.26 left to be carried forward after paying all expenses of management.

MORTALITY. The actual mortality experienced was only 33 per cent. of that expected according to the Government Tables.

EARNING POWER. The Policy-holders' Funds were accumulated at 7.96 per cent. interest—the highest rate earned by any Company in Canada.

ASSETS AND RESERVES. The Assets increased by \$355,452.95 to \$2,530,118.86. The Reserves (considerably higher than Government requirements) now stand at \$1,955,243.27.

SURPLUS earnings for the year were \$112,700.36, and after paying the dividend to shareholders, and paying out \$19,758.67 to policy-holders' account in cash and bonuses the sum of \$81,941.69 was left, which increased the net surplus by 29 per cent., making the net surplus over all liabilities \$366,372.29. This surplus would be over \$40,000 greater if the Company took advantage of the allowance authorized by the Insurance Act respecting new business. The payments made on matured policies within the year were exceptionally gratifying.

A neat little memorandum book giving full particulars of the Company's record in 1911 will be mailed on request.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

For Sane Investments

THE campaign which the CANADIAN COURIER has been carrying on in favour of sane investments is bringing forth some rather striking remarks from brokers, bond dealers and capitalists. One prominent broker writes to say, "We believe that any paper which succeeds in inducing the public to invest their money rather than to gamble with it is indeed doing a national good. It is positively ludicrous to see what many people refer to as investments. They are not able to distinguish between gambles and investments."

There is much in these remarks. In Great Britain and France, where the mad race to get rich has long since been put in chains, the people are looking for investments which will be absolutely safe but which will return them a fair rate of interest. They are satisfied with an investment which brings them four or five per cent. and they are delighted when they get one which brings them six or seven per cent. In this country too many people desire dividends of twenty-five per cent. or more. When a "shark" comes along and tells them that by investing a hundred dollars they will get back a thousand dollars within a year they take the bait and of course lose their hundred dollars. This was not an investment, it was a gamble.

A prominent manufacturer and capitalist living in a manufacturing town in Western Ontario writes: "It is time a strong effort was made to influence the public against wildcat mining or financial ventures. A great deal of the hard-earned money of the people is being thrown away, and this money could be of so much use in the commercial development of the country. Further, thousands of dollars have been collected from this neighbourhood and sent out West to be invested in lots miles from the centre of towns. Much of this will never be returned."

This manufacturer is right. It should be made plain to every man who saves a hundred dollars that he is a foolish individual if he invests it in mining stocks or town lots. He has some chance with the town lot, but he has absolutely none if he invests in mining stocks.

Danger of Acting on Impulse

"TO my mind one of the most peculiar points about the small investor is the way he acts on impulse," said a well-known member of the Toronto Stock Exchange. "Many a man will go ahead for a long time putting his small savings in the post-office or in a bank, and then he'll suddenly draw it out and put it into some proposition that is attractively laid before him. He doesn't stop to investigate the concern into which he is putting his money. It seems peculiar that he should save for years and then risk his all just because some smooth fellow talks of great profits to be made in some venture."

"Such a man should stop to consider what merit there is in the proposition put before him. He can easily get advice from some reputable firm, and in many cases he would probably leave his money in the post-office or bank or else invest it into some proposition that is safe."

"I want to see people put their money into things that will be good for them and will help business generally. If they deal with me, all right; and if they deal with somebody else who can be depended upon, all right. But there's a tremendous amount of the people's money wasted simply because, as I said, they act on impulse or, in other words, lose their heads."

On and Off the Exchange

How Canadian Propositions Have Worked Out.

SIR RODOLPHE FORGET, who is always enthusiastically bullish on good Canadian enterprises, was chatting with a few of his intimate friends the other day regarding a certain group of Canadian financial interests who have always looked askance on different Canadian propositions at a time when they were trying to work out their initial troubles. In this connection Sir Rodolphe drew attention to the case of how these interests had looked at Shawinigan when it was selling at \$15 or \$20 a share and yet were very large buyers of it when the stock had crossed \$100 a share, and were advising their friends to take some of it on even at \$120. In the same class was Dominion Textile Common, which they refused to buy when they had an opportunity at as low as \$10 a share and yet had placed a very large block of the stock with their clients at above \$60 a share. Another striking instance was their bearishness on Montreal Power when it was selling at 90 and their willingness, notwithstanding, to buy it when it was about \$150 a share. The same thing applied to Laurentide Paper, which people refused to look at when it was selling around 90 to 130 and yet were glad to get it around \$200 previous to the recent doubling up of the capital.

In drawing attention to just such situations, Sir Rodolphe expressed that it had been his experience that the people who had made the most money in Canadian enterprises were those who had become identified with them at the start and stayed with them until they had worked out their various problems.

* * *

Bank Consolidations Coming.

DURING the past few weeks there have been reports of all kinds of further bank consolidations in Canada, and the very large gains made in the stocks of some of the leading institutions have shown pretty conclusively that some deal or other was under way. There is no doubt that the day of the further consolidations among the bigger banks is at hand, but just at the present time it seems impossible to know just what is going to happen, inasmuch as there are possibilities of as many as six or eight different combinations being effected.

One day when there were sudden big advances in the price of both Quebec Bank and Union Bank of Canada the "Street" immediately came to the conclusion that there was a possibility of both these banks being absorbed by the

Study of Leading Canadian Companies

Our Statistical Department has prepared a comprehensive booklet entitled "Standard Canadian Securities."

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- CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
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Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

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Bank of Montreal. What made it look as though the Union would sell out to the Bank of Montreal was that it was known that it had a couple of accounts of the different provinces in the West, and the Bank of Montreal has been anxious not only to carry the Dominion Government account but also the accounts of as many of the provinces throughout Canada as possible.

* * *

One of the Largest Increases on Record.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway, which for some months past has been showing tremendous gains over the same periods last year, showed for the first week in February a total increase in earnings of 87 per cent., which, it is believed, constitutes almost a record gain for one week. It is almost inconceivable how the business of a company should increase in such proportion. While it can be attributed in part to the fact that the earnings were last year hampered by severe snowstorms, still this year the cold in most sections of the country was very severe. This must have made it very difficult to handle as much traffic as is done under favourable weather conditions. It is stated that a very large percentage of the increase was due to the larger passenger traffic.

* * *

Lower Rate for Canadian Municipals.

THE poor response accorded in London to the offering of City of Victoria Debentures, made through the Bank of Montreal, must be taken as an indication that English investors are no longer willing to pay the same high rate as they were formerly for Canadian municipal issues, and are now insisting on a rate of return on their money that will make it necessary for Canadian municipalities to make up their minds that in future they will have to take a lower price for their offerings. Such a situation in London becomes all the more interesting at the present time because it is expected that a great number of Canadian municipalities will have to come into the market for money during the next year, owing to the large advances that they have already obtained from Canadian Banks. In a general way it must be said that Canadian municipalities for the last couple of years have been getting higher prices for their issues than most Canadian bankers expected that they would.

* * *

Growth of Pulp Industry in Quebec.

THE beneficial effects of the Gouin Law prohibiting the exportation of pulp wood cut on Crown Lands are just beginning to manifest themselves. American buyers of pulp wood are now paying from \$7.50 to \$8.00 a cord for peeled wood. These prices are fully \$1.00 in advance of those prevailing a year ago. Last year about 900,000 cords of pulp wood were exported from this Province; this year it is estimated that not more than 600,000 cords will be exported. Eventually the supply of pulp wood will become so scarce that American pulp and paper mills will be forced to locate in Quebec Province. Last year a total of nineteen pulp, paper and lumber companies, with a total capitalization of \$41,709,000, were incorporated in this Province. These figures give some indication of the growth and development of the pulp and lumber industries.

* * *

Toronto Buying Its Own Street Railway Stock.

THERE has recently been a complete change in the buying situation of Toronto Railway stock. For years past and more particularly previous to the time when the Board of Directors decided to carve up the handsome bonus of \$1,000,000 among shareholders last year, Montreal interests were accumulating all the stock they could get, while the Toronto crowd were steady sellers of the stock. At that time most of the Toronto people thought there was very little in store for the shareholders of Toronto Railway Company, owing to the somewhat limited time the franchise has still to run. Recent accumulation of the stock has shown that they must have changed their idea entirely, inasmuch as they are now in the market and buying big blocks of the stock 50 and 60 points higher than they sold it at last year, and are evidently satisfied that, with the information which they have, the stock is a good buyer even around those levels.

This time the Montreal crowd are the sellers, so it really looks as though the Toronto group of directors may have something in store which they are desirous of letting their friends take advantage of, whereas the plan for the big bonus that was handed out last year was conceived entirely by the Montreal interests in the company and adopted by the Toronto group at the suggestion of the former. The general supposition is that it will not be long before the railway company will be in a position to pay another bonus to shareholders above the 8 per cent. dividend, because it is pretty well agreed that in view of the short time which the franchise has to run, the shareholders should be treated as liberally as possible.

* * *

Transmission Line Through Eastern Townships.

OWING to the high prices for industrial sites around the city of Montreal, a large number of industries seem to be looking to different parts of the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec for location of their plants, and, to meet this development, the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Co. has just completed a transmission line, thirty-two miles in length, extending all the way from Sherbrooke through to Stanstead and Beebe Plains, on the International boundary line. This will result in manufacturers being able to secure power through one of the most attractive portions of the entire Eastern Townships, and many industrial men expect that this section of the Province is sure to experience considerable development during the next five or ten years.

* * *

Dominion Life Increases Dividend.

THE Dominion Life Assurance Company, Waterloo, Ont., is in quite a healthy condition, when after paying their shareholders ten per cent. for some years increased it to twelve per cent. last June. And this dividend is met almost entirely by the shareholders funds. This company does not strive after an excessive amount of business—twenty-five per cent. increase is the limit they have set themselves. Last year's business ran a shade over twenty-three per cent. Death claims were about one-third of expectations. Over half of their receipts were laid by after death claims, dividends and contingencies were met. They have been earning nearly eight per cent. on the funds invested.

COUPON.

We Recommend the following

High-Grade Bonds for Investment

<p>Spanish River— 6% first mortgage bonds, to yield 6 1-8%.</p> <p>Carriage Factories— 6% first mortgage bonds, to yield 6%.</p> <p>Canada Machinery— 6% first mortgage bonds, to yield 6%.</p>	<p>Matthew-Laing— 6% first mortgage bonds, to yield 5 7-8%.</p> <p>Belding-Paul-Corticelli— 5% first mortgage convertible bonds, to yield 5 7-8%.</p> <p>William Davies— 6% first mortgage bonds, to yield 5.70%.</p>
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Dominion Bond Company, Limited, Royal Bank Bldg. Toronto.

MONTREAL OTTAWA:
 Merchant's Bank Building. Central Chambers.

Pinner's Hall, Austin Friars, London, England.

J. W. FLAVELLE, *President*, Z. A. LASH, K.C., } *Vice-*
 W. E. RUNDLE, *General Manager*, E. R. WOOD } *Presidents*

THE same reasons that prompt a business man to secure expert advice and service in the conduct of his business should lead him to name a Trust Company as his Executor under Will.

National Trust Company Limited.

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

NORWICH UNION FIRE

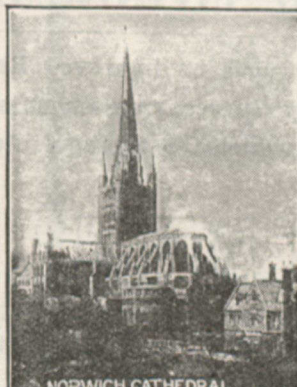
Insurance Society Limited

Founded 1797

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

Head Office for Canada, TORONTO

JOHN B. LAIDLAW, *Manager*
 A. H. RODGERS, *Branch Secretary*



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

THE STEEL CO. of CANADA LTD.

PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
 Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,340,000.00
 Total Assets, - - - \$2,500,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

Davidson & McRae

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY LANDS and TOWN SITES

Write for Information

OFFICES:
 MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, Canada, and LONDON, England

OUTSTANDING FEATURES
of the
Thirtieth Annual Report of
THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,771,237.37

THE YEAR'S BUSINESS

The new business assumed by the Corporation during the year amounted to \$7,095,478.65. The net profits for the year were \$198,392.42, being an increase over the previous year of \$20,318.41.

TOTAL ASSETS

The total assets under the care and management of the Corporation is now \$45,086,659.99.

TRUST INVESTMENTS

Investments in first Mortgages on improved Real Estate, made by the Corporation for Trust and Agency accounts amounted to over \$17,000,000.00 as at 31st December, 1911, on which the average rate of interest earned was 5.97%.

POLICY

Continued conservatism in the matter of investments, in respect of its own funds as well as the Trust Funds under its control, as indicated by the statement of Assets and Liabilities.

NEW HEAD OFFICE BUILDING & VAULTS

The Corporation's new Office Building at the corner of Bay and Melinda Streets, will be ready for occupation about the 1st of April next.

In the construction of the Safe Deposit and Storage Vaults, erected in conjunction with the new building, the greatest possible care and skill has been exercised to make them absolutely secure from fire, water, or burglary.

BRANCH OFFICES

at

Ottawa - Winnipeg - Saskatoon

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE.

PUBLIC OPINION

Abolish Patronage.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Don't you think now would be a good time to start an agitation in your valuable paper against the evils of the party system in Canada? We have lately been regaled by stories emanating from Ottawa anent the great rush of applicants for "something good" under the new Government. Of course, after such a long innings of the late Liberal party their successors no doubt consider themselves perfectly justified in throwing them out and getting all that is coming to the victors. But does not all this grate on the nerves of the independent and sturdy Canadian who would not stoop to such tactics and contents himself in gaining a livelihood without having to seek pap from either political party. We all know that it will eventually destroy the independence of the Young Canadian unless the system is changed.

We notice by the papers from all over the Dominion where the candidate-elect held a meeting just after election to "thank the workers" in each ward, when, as a matter of fact, the workers had very little to do with his election. It was the silent vote of the independent thinking Canadian that did the trick.

The writer is a Conservative by chance, but an independent by choice, and voted for the Conservative party at the recent election, but he could not do any better. He knew he would see the same rush for jobs by the undesirable "workers" who are lauded to the skies by the party press who also are out with the big mitt looking for something. Is not the whole thing disgusting? When is Canada going to abolish the system?

We hope you will use your best endeavours to create a discussion on this subject in your paper from your intelligent independent readers. How long are we going to stand for this periodical rush of the "inns" versus the "outs"?

Very truly yours,
BRITISH COLUMBIAN.
Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 27.

* * *

Need of Good Newspapers.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Politics to-day are occupying a prominent position in the mind of the public, and the channels of information are somewhat limited. In some countries a statesman's speech is printed word for word in the daily newspapers, and Liberal and Conservative alike can read there, and form an opinion on the questions under discussion. The fine points of difference, as between party and party, are left to the editorial columns, where the editor dissects the speech, and expatiates on its good qualities or otherwise.

Are we that way in Canada? Can we pick up a newspaper and be sure that the speeches of ally and opponent have received equal justice at the hands of the reporter and editor?

It is doubtful. And yet the questions under discussion are the biggest that growing Canada has in recent years been asked to answer. In the West, a newspaper costs five cents. It is not likely, therefore, that the average man will do more than read the organ of the party he has been brought up to consider as his, and the boasted free-will of the Canadian voter in this section is thereby insiduously taken from him. What Canada wants is a newspaper strong enough to be fair to its opponents. It is easy to misquote from a speech, or to leave a portion of it out, but it is unfair to ask the public to accept, in what is professedly a news column, a politically coloured description of an opponent's actions and sayings. Two well-known dailies appeared with the following headlines: "The Budget; Large Increase in Canada's Revenue," and "The Budget; Large Increase in Canada's Expenditure." This is sufficient illustration.

Winnipeg, Feb. 10th.

W. H.

WHOOPIING COUGH
 CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
 BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

ALL DRUGGISTS
 Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

VAPOR CRESOLENE CO.
 Leeming-Miles Bldg.
 MONTREAL



LOOK for the
 "Winged Wheel"
 stamp and the
 name
 "Cashier" or
 "Fortune"

and be sure of a gold-filled watch case, of first-class workmanship, and of correct and artistic design.

It costs nothing to insist on it
 It means much when you get it

AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO.
 OF TORONTO, Limited

The Largest Watch Case Manufacturers in the British Empire.



Hotel Directory

- CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.**
- Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
 H. L. Stephens, Prop.
- HOTEL MOSSOP**
 Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
 European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
 RATES:
 Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
 Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.
- 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.
- 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.
- QUEENS HOTEL, MONTREAL**
 \$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
 300 Rooms.
- KING EDWARD HOTEL**
 Toronto, Canada.
 —Fireproof—
 Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up
 American and European Plans.
- 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'Neil, Proprietor
- GRAND UNION HOTEL**
 Toronto, Canada.
 Geo. A. Spear, President.
 American Plan \$2—\$3. European Plan \$1—\$1.50.
- PALMER HOUSE**
 TORONTO : CANADA
 H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
 Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

The Scrap Book

Needed Help.—First Bohemian: "May I borrow your grey tie?"
 Second Ditto: "Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission?"

First: "I can't find it."—Answers.

Important.—Congressman Murray of Massachusetts, in the closing days of the last session of Congress, in August, made preparations to go to Wyoming on a camping and hunting trip. He was enthusiastic about it and took shooting lessons at a rifle gallery. The day his party was to leave for the West he received a telegram at the Capitol from his law partner in Boston. It read:

"Come to Boston at once; important business; don't delay."

Sadly, Mr. Murray abandoned his trip, surrendered his sleeping-car reservations and hurried to Boston. Arriving there he took a taxicab for the office. He dashed in, and there sat his partner.

The partner said: "Hello, Bill! Come on, let's go fishing."

Generous.—Wife: "I saw the loveliest lace spreads to-day, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize, and so I didn't get them."

Husband: "That's too bad, my dear, you could have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your aesthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half."—New York Weekly.

Strong Motive.—The Passer-By: "You took a great risk in rescuing that boy; you deserve a Carnegie medal. What prompted you to do it?"

The Hero: "He had my skates on!"
 —Puck.

Impressed.—Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton recently mentioned an English spinster lady who said, as she watched a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra, "How different from the home life of our late dear Queen!"

A Vacuum.—Chairman (addressing a meeting): "I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.'"—Tit-Bits.

Much Missing.—A man called at a biplane selling agency and said: "My older brother bought a biplane here last month. You told him if anything broke you'd supply the missing parts."

"Yes. Well?" said the manager.
 "Well," said the caller, "my brother wants you to supply him right away with a left leg, half a dozen assorted fingers, and a medium-sized Roman nose."

The Brute.—"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"
 "She started to once, but I cured her of it the first rattle out of the box."

"I wish you would tell me how."
 "I started right in grieving with her. And I grieved harder and longer than she did."—Leslie's Weekly.

Art and Science.—"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery.
 "Yes," replied the aviation enthusiast; "but between you and me, those wings aren't practical."—Washington Star.



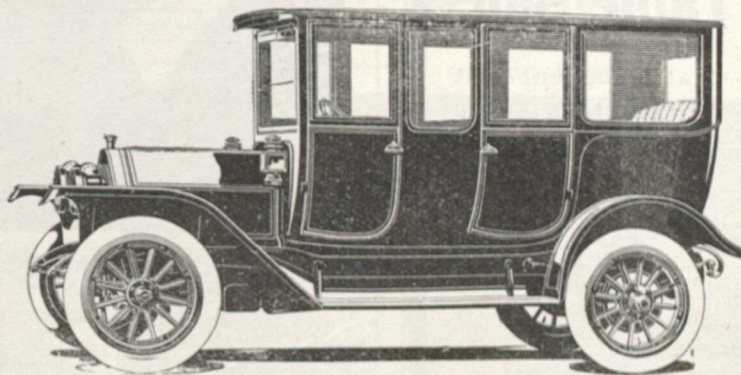
NOW that the great motor shows are over and a full realization is possible of what the 1912 Russell line actually offers, every motorist who saw our exhibit is able to realize as he never realized before what we mean by

"Made up to a standard—not down to a price."

Send for the New Catalogue.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO. Limited, WEST TORONTO
 Makers of High Grade Automobiles

Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



Russell "38" Berlin Limousine

What the Canadian Truck Saves

The initial cost of purchasing a motor truck, in a great many instances cools the ardor of the prospective buyer, with the result that he hesitates, and all the while he is wasting this time, he is paying for a motor truck he does not own.

WHY?

Every day a motor truck does your work it has an earning capacity. If you do not own one, and use the old Dobbin method, your delivery is on the wrong side of the ledger.

Have You Ever Figured It Out?

A horse can only work so many hours a day. A motor truck, will, if desired, work twenty-four hours a day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and carry from three to four times the load of an animal, this at 15% to 40% of a saving to you. Now see what you have got. You have eliminated the heaves, shoeing, straw, hay, oats and the old wagon. Modern methods have supplanted the antiquated transportation facilities, you are up with the times. You can deliver the goods in the right manner and the customer can depend upon it.

The Canadian Truck Delivers the Goods

If you are a butcher, a grocer, a hardware merchant, dry goods firm, and have light deliveries, the Canadian 1,500 pound car is the transport for you. If you deal in heavier class materials, Canadian one, two, three or five ton truck will meet your requirements.

Write for illustrated booklet showing just what The Canadian Truck has done, and is doing for others. It will do the same for you. No experiments, no sales made where the work does not merit a motor truck; absolute truthfulness as to what you require. If we do not think a motor delivery will pay you, we will tell you so. If you buy a motor truck and do not keep it busy, you have used bad judgment, better stick to the horse and wagon. If you have more than horses can do at a profit, the motor way is the best solution.

The Canadian Commercial Motor Car Co., Limited
 WINDSOR, ONT.

Dept. D.

Write for Catalogue D.



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"You are very lucky girls to have Salt like this

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

Windsor Table Salt

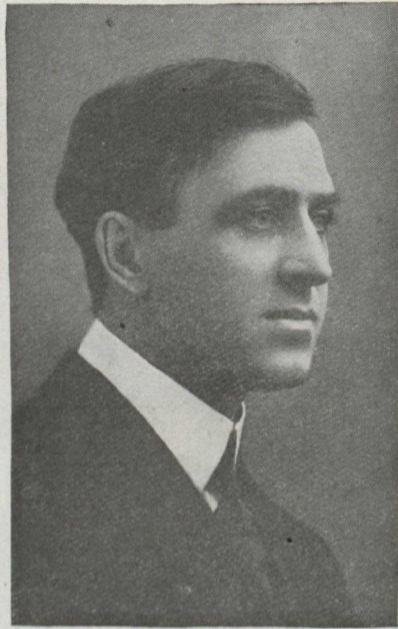
—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt'

14

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A Comer.

A CALL from the West has summoned another clever young banker from Fredericton to Vancouver. William E. Jardine, who makes the move this time, was born in 1882 at Rexton, New Brunswick, lately become famous as the birthplace of Bonar Law. Mr. Jardine began his banking career



MR. WILLIAM E. JARDINE,
Vancouver
A rising bank man.

with the Royal Bank of Canada and subsequently with the Bank of New Brunswick and has served at Truro, Antigonish, Summerside, Riverside and St. John, N. B., going to Fredericton in 1907 as manager of that branch of the Bank of New Brunswick. There he has made a name and a record for himself as a banker. Under his management the business expanded so fast in volume that in 1909 his bank erected a substantial modern banking house in that city and now commands probably the largest patronage of any bank at the Capital of that Province.

Besides knowing his business as a banker, Mr. Jardine is an all round athlete and a great lover of out door sport, both on land and water. He goes to Vancouver as manager of the head office branch of the Bank of Vancouver in that city, and before leaving Fredericton, some of his business friends presented him with a handsome gold watch bearing the inscription of their good will and best wishes. It is worthy of note that the little town of Rexton, N. B., has already supplied Vancouver with four of its leading bankers, all closely related. Graham Jardine, Gordon Bowser and Wm. Dickenson have been there for some time, and W. E. Jardine, the subject of this sketch, and a cousin to them all is the latest arrival from the Atlantic slope.

Can You Beat It?

THE Windsor Record, the other day, printed a remarkable letter from Mr. Jack Egleston, a resident of Windsor, which speaks for itself:

Editor The Record: I married a widow, who has a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her; so my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son. He was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i.e., my step-daughter, also had a son. He was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my father's

wife's, that is, my mother's mother. So I am the husband and the grandchild at the same time of my wife, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather it seems that through the force of circumstances I have become my own grandfather.

JACK EGLESTON.

Windsor, Feb. 2.

An Advance.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has advanced a step.

Hon. Dr. Young, Minister of Education, has issued an announcement calling the first convocation of the first State university in British Columbia.

A London Air-Man.

THERE is a man in London, Ontario, who seems to have all the airmen beaten to a frazzle. He is Mr. Arthur Hawkins-Masters. This gentleman has built an air craft in which he has great confidence.

With the utmost assurance he tells the London Advertizer:

"When I prepare my first craft, I will be able to take along a crew and fly from London, Ont., to London, Eng., in 22 hours." Think of it!

The great feature of his machine is a device to prevent capsizing.

Excellent Publicity Work.

NEW Brunswick intends making a hit at the Sportsmen's Show in New York next month. In order the better to lay before American sportsmen the facilities the Province offers in the way of hunting, New Brunswickans have erected a typical log cabin and decorated it with hunting regalia. This cabin has been moved to Madison Square Garden. It will be the hostel in which representatives of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, the Provincial Guides' Association, and the New Brunswick Tourist Association will entertain New York clubmen during the show.

One New Brunswicker has a novel suggestion. He wants a live moose to be set loose over the artificial mountains on the stage, which is to be the scene of the trap shooting and fly casting tournament.

Brandon Board of Trade.

AT the annual meeting of the Board of Trade of Brandon, Manitoba, on the last day of January, Secretary-Treasurer Hardwood reported that the association had a membership of 136 and a handsome balance in the treasury.

President Willmott reviewed the Board's doings. Last year the Board interested itself in such live matters as preventing the sale of real estate under false representation, purchase of cheap warehouse sites, the assisting of immigrant workmen in bringing out their wives and children, and the securing of a Carnegie Library for Brandon.

Mr. A. E. McKenzie was elected President, and Mr. J. S. Maxwell, Secretary, for 1912.

Real Home Missionary Work.

THERE was a dramatic scene in the Saskatchewan Legislature recently.

The Prairie House was considering an appropriation of \$91,000 for hospital aid in the Province.

Up rose Peter Gunn, M. P. P. for Lac St. Anne. Mr. Gunn is a real old-timer, a pioneer of the Great North; he represents one of the largest constituencies in the Assembly.

Peter Gunn had something to say. In simple, pathetic tones, this rugged veteran of the trails put in a plea for the men of the north, who die because there is no one to save them. He described the hardships and danger incurred by those whose spirit

One little boy put it just right when he said: "My! But ain't Kellogg's easy to eat!"

52



Kellogg's
10c
TOASTED CORN FLAKES



The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

HOTEL VICTORIA

Fifth Ave., 27th Street and BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENEY, President. ANGUS GORDON, Manager.

Bugs Can't Stand Keating's



Keating's Powder is the unfailing exterminator of every form of insect life. Cockroaches and other house bugs disappear when Keating's is applied. The unusual merit of Keating's Powder is that it is stainless and odorless—and not harmful to any except insect life. Made in England and sold by druggists everywhere

In tins only: 10c., 20c., 35c.

DRINK

St. Leon Water



The Water of Health

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

FLANNEL SKIRT, SILK PETTICOAT, MIXED GOODS, COTTON SKIRT.

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10, The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1742

BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

leads them in advance of civilization—the makers of the country. When they fell ill, they could not telephone for a doctor—they got better or—died. In the whole of the vast Pembina District, he said, there was not a single medical man. Doctors would not practise in this country because the settlements were not large enough to afford sufficient remuneration. But doctors would practise anywhere in the North if the Government would contribute to their support.

"As the member for Lac St. Anne concluded, there was not a sound to be heard in the House," remarks the Edmonton Journal commenting on the effect of Peter Gunn's plea. "The members had spent the entire day earnestly discussing the expenditure of great sums of money for almost every purpose but that of humanely helping the women and the children and the men who get mortally hurt in the making of the country. The old-timer, unmindful of his broken rib, gently slid into his seat."

Population Wanted.

THE Fredericton and St. John Boards of Trade have been arranging a congress to be held in March for the purpose of boosting immigration into New Brunswick. All the leading citizens of New Brunswick are to be invited and an attempt made to interest both the Provincial and Federal Governments in helping feed New Brunswick with people.

Long Married.

A MAN called Duncan Somerville died in Rodney, Ontario, the other day. He was 92 years of age, and had been married almost seventy-five years. That constitutes almost a record for matrimony in this country. His wife, who is ninety-four, still lives, though she is confined to her bed through the weakness of old age. Thirteen children were born of this record union, six of whom survive.

Is This Annexation?

THERE was big excitement in Vancouver and New Westminster the other day over some rumours of the probable result of the resurvey of the international boundary line. The survey at present is in operation two miles south of the town of Blaine.

It was reported that if the surveyors followed the new line they had laid out, two towns, Blaine and Sumas, now regarded as municipalities of the State of Washington, would be in British Columbia territory—become Canadian.

An Imperialistic Sentiment.

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON, who is now in Vancouver, before she left England, expressed some thoughts on immigration—rather eloquently, too:

"This is my first visit to London. As I notice the bent and broken men on the Thames embankment and the starving people in the East End, as a foil to the picture, there comes floating before my vision ever those yellow fields of wheat nodding to the harvest, the sun-burnt faces of the reapers, the snug homes, the little prairie school houses, each surmounted by its flag of the clustered crosses. This empire of ours is large enough, fertile enough, sufficiently diversified in its products to support the teeming British millions. All we want is a more equitable distribution of our empire-citizens. Some one needs to expunge from our speech the word 'emigration' and substitute for it the more pleasing phrase, 'migration within the empire.'"

Remarkable Demonstration.

A UNIQUE religious demonstration has been concluded in Brantford, Ontario, in connection with the Men and Religious Forward Movement. Hundreds of men and women, some of them employed in factories, entered upon a session of continuous prayer for twenty-four hours. The supplicants prayed in relays for fifteen minutes each.

A trial will prove their Quality and Efficiency

These toilet necessities are noted for their purity. This special offer is made in order that you may test them and prove their value without expense.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM

A skin food, rich in tissue-building properties. A daily massage will remove impurities, banish wrinkles, and give the beautiful glow of health to your skin.

PALMER'S
Hair Tonic

50c and \$1.00 sizes. Thoroughly cleanses and invigorates the roots of the hair. It will then be soft and lustrous because it will be healthy.

LUSTR-ITE
NAIL ENAMEL

makes the care of your nails a simple and pleasant task. It contains no pumice or grit and imparts a brilliant, lasting polish.

All of the above may be had at most stores that sell toilet requisites.

Special Offer

For six cents (6c) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to every woman.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited
7 De Bresoles St., Montreal



GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Shakespeare Series No. 1

"As You Like It"

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$11,000,000
Reserve Fund, - 9,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., I.L.D., D.C.L. President
ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager

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

MITTING MONEY TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

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

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

The French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

BANK

OFFICE SCHOOL CHURCH LODGE

FURNITURE

MANUFACTURED BY

CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.

PRESTON - - - - - ONTARIO

Nine Million Acres of Pasture

The BOVRIL herds of cattle range over 438,082 acres of the finest pasture land in Argentina and 9,261,400 acres in Australia.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

BOVRIL



BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

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Hoarding Up Happiness

By FRANKLIN O. KING

The Miser Hoards for Greed of Gain—The Wise Man Saves 'gainst Days of Rain. The World hates a Miser, but loves a Provider. By Cancelling a few Habits, You will be able to Divide more Comforts with Your Family, and Happiness will Multiply for All of You. Happiness after all is a mere question of Arithmetic. 'For unto Every One that Hath shall be Given, and He shall have Abundance; but from Him that Hath Not, shall be Taken Away even that which he Hath.' The Man who Lays by Something each day for his Loved Ones is Hoarding up Happiness, because He is providing for them an Independent Future. 'You may sin at Times, but the Worst of All Crimes is to Find Yourself Short of a Dollar or Two.'

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position that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

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Feb. 24th issue Canadian Courier.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINE HOURS

(Continued from page 9.)

ward. "Do you hear that humming noise?"

"Yes, what is it, Peter?"

"Well, that's Ottawa below us. Guess it's a navy bill debate in the House of Commons."

Here we swooped farther to the south and then shot over Montreal, but all we could see of it was a streak of mud. We couldn't see a blamed thing of the navy, on passing over Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, even with the binoculars; but then I think the tide must have been in. Abbie was disappointed, but as we headed for New England, she began to brighten up.

"Wish we could see Teddy R. as we go over Oyster Bay," she said.

"I think we will," I replied jokingly, a second or two later, swinging over the Hudson River.

"Go low over New York, dear," she said. "I want to get a glimpse of some of the skyscrapers."

"Skyscrapers," I was just about to repeat when swish! we grazed the tower of the Singer Building—and our Bird of Paradise was caught by its right wing in the teeth of a long handled rake evidently used for keeping the clouds away from the structure. Just then, the sturdy little man holding the rake adjusted his nose glasses, looked up, grinned, showed a few large white teeth, and as he, at our request, extricated the rake and gave us a push, exclaimed: 'I'm delighted.'

"Well, well, Peter, where will he turn up next?" asked Abbie in perfect ecstasy.

Just at that moment, we passed over Washington, but the only personage recognized in the vicinity of Congress was the speaker of the House—and Abbie waved our Canadian flag some at him, now I can tell you.

"Where's Willie, I wonder?" Abbie inquired.

"He's on a Southern trip, I understand," I replied.

Here we ran into a flock of rice birds and killed at least a thousand.

Just as we were about to pass over New Orleans I lowered the machine, and glanced down. Behold! there was Willie Taft walking down the street with a glistening trowel in his hand. Abbie began to laugh.

"Going to lay the corner-stone of a memorial to Reciprocity?" she suggested.

FIVE minutes later we were splitting air over Mexico and Central America, as Abbie was anxious to see the Panama Canal. It soon hove in sight. Abbie looked at me wisely and said:

"What a needless expenditure of money, Peter dear, don't you think?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Of what use under the sun will it be in a year or two? Airships will be the whole push." Just then a thought struck me.

"Take out my watch, will you, dear?" I asked.

On drawing it from my pocket, she exclaimed:

"Just nine fifteen."

"Good!" I said. "Now for a dash over South America if you like."

"Oh, no, Peter, I have no desire to go down there; let's hike for the British Isles."

"Very well, dear, just as you say. Are you enjoying it?"

"Immensely," she returned, as we darted out over the Atlantic.

Just at that instant our Bird of Paradise dipped suddenly and an albatross, unable to dodge us, lay flattened out like a grease spot in Abbie's lap.

THE trip across the herring pond was uneventful (except that somewhere near the Sargasso Sea, at a height of about one thousand feet, we were sprayed by the blow of a whale), and was accomplished in one hour and ten minutes. Being partly "Oirish" myself (having read the writings of Mr. Dooley), I have always had a longing for the "auld sod";

but my eyes were so blurred with tears as we swung over the Killarney Lakes and on to Dublin, as "shure as I'm tellin' ye," that I missed much of the beautiful landscape. Of course, as Tay Pay was at that very moment over on the American Continent, raising funds for some Tomfool thing or other, we didn't see him "at all, at all."

As we crossed the Irish Sea, the "Hielands," of bonny Scotland were seen in the distance, but as Abbie was born in London and naturally wanted to see her native village, we wheeled southward toward the metropolis. As I fully expected, however, there was such a bloomin' thick cloud of fog, smoke and smells over the city that we couldn't see a blamed thing don't you know—not even one of the many domiciles of Mr. Wilkins Micawber.

About three minutes later as we whizzed over the Netherlands and on into Germany, Abbie was frightened almost out of her wits, and for the first time on our trip, thus far—and I didn't blame her, for all we could see there were armies of soldiers and hundreds of gun factories—and the noise! say, don't you know, I thought it was an American fourth of July.

"They're shooting at us, Peter, dear," exclaimed Abbie, crowding closer to me. "See those big cannon pointed at us, and see those puffs of smoke. Woo-woo!"

Sure enough, that's just what they were up to, for we could hear the screeching of the shells. We made for the tall timbers double quick, and don't you forget it, but not before our feather dusters had been shot clean off and the tail of our Bird badly scorched.

"Guess we'll hike into France," Abbie suggested.

"All right," I returned; whereupon, a few minutes later, coming over Paris, we circled around the Eiffel Tower a couple of times just to amuse the natives, and then headed for the Mediterranean. On darting out over the Gulf of Lyons, we observed that the French navy was manoeuvring. We slackened our speed a little to see the fun. But bing! a dull thud—and the air about us was full of flying human bodies and pieces of steel.

"What can it be, Peter?" asked Abbie, somewhat amazed at such a spectacle.

"Oh, just another warship explosion; that's a daily occurrence in France, don't you know."

But, say, it really was quite exciting. We were certainly getting the worst of our money.

"Now for Tripoli," I said. "Don't believe we'll get hurt over there even if there is a little war on."

"Oh, yes, let's go," the brave girl answered; "and Peter, perhaps we can find out whether the Italian soldiers are really guilty of all the atrocities charged against them."

We had just passed over the city at no great height (far I wanted to see the sport here at close range) when all at once we saw a sight that made Abbie's blood run cold. She

could see better than I as she used the binoculars.) Would you believe it, there was a little Turk in streaming robes, hiking across the desert like a streak of blue lightning; while close at his heels was a little Italian soldier, yelling like a fiend and gaining on the Moslem at every stride. Another second and the Roman had him in his deadly grip, and then shrieking out: "Mia macaroni!" snatched a couple of boxes from the thief, and then put back for dear life to headquarters.

"They're vindicated, Peter," shouted Abbie. "What son of Italy could be blamed for wanting his macaroni?"

"It beats all how reports get started," I returned; and we then struck out for Alexandria and then up the Nile.

"Are those the pyramids down there?" Abbie asked as we sped over Thebes, a very short time after.

"Don't know, dear; better ask the lady lying down there in the sand," I

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said, pointing to the lion-woman figure below us.

Abbie gave vent to a silvery little laugh.

"The sphinx? She'll never tell us, Peter. Where are you going now?"

"To get you a diamond. You know I couldn't afford one when we were engaged, but I've always intended getting you one, and here's our chance. We'll head straight for Kimberley."

Abbie was in raptures. "But how will you get it, Peter dear?" she asked.

"I'll get it if we have to stop for it." Here I pressed the trip and we shot down to within a few feet of the earth. As luck would have it, just as we passed over the mines, we saw a Kaffir Kid riding a mule toward the city, carrying on his head a box of the glistening stones. I pushed the toes of my canvas shoes under the brase at my feet, swung over backwards, as I had often done in my parachute trapeze, and as we skimmed over the Kaffir's head, picked up the little box and swung myself back upon my seat again as if nothing had ever happened. It was all done so quickly that the Kaffir hardly realized it—at least, not until his mule stampeded, and for a few seconds, gave us the race of our lives, don't you know. If that poor dub had ever studied Virgil, I'll bet he thought of that passage describing the swoop of the harpies upon the banquet, don't you think? Of course, our haul consisted of "diamonds in the rough," but Abbie was bubbling over with joy.

"I think you deserve your dinner for that, my dear boy," she said as we rose, a jiffy later, and veered eastward toward the Indian Ocean.

"That's right," I answered; "I am a little hungry—or at least, a little thirsty. Give me a drink of that vichy for a starter. What's the time I wonder?"

"Twelve-thirty," she answered again drawing out my watch from my pocket. "Will we make it in nine hours, dear?"

"I think so," I replied, assuringly.

HEADING our Bird direct for Asia, we lost no time in putting ourselves outside of the really sumptuous little luncheon the dear girl had prepared. When about half way to the western coast of India we were caught in the toils of a monsoon, and for a few minutes had a hard time keeping our equilibrium; but I got out of the difficulty by heading straight for land. Say, Abbie and I have come to the conclusion that there's no people in the world so fond of bathing as those Indians. On passing over the Ganges, I'll bet we saw a million natives up to their chin in the water. But they were so all-fired close together they couldn't have been swimming at all—just treading water, don't you know. A few minutes later, we were zipping over one of the mountain temples where a lot of Brahmin priests, on seeing us, fell over backwards, yelling out something we didn't know what. Guess they thought we were of a higher caste, don't you think?

WELL, we didn't see anything very exciting in crossing over China until we drew near the city of Peking. This seemed to be a regular Bedlam let loose. Of all the howling, both inside and outside the walls, you ever heard, this was the worst we had experienced thus far. We had got just over the city when, out of one of the northern gates, rushed about a dozen richly-dressed Chinamen—one of them being a little bit of a gaffer not more than three or four years old. They were certainly making tracks toward the North—Siberia, I should think—with papers flying, pig-tails streaming, and kicking up clouds of dust that must have been stifling, don't you know.

"I'll bet that's the little emperor and the whole manchu dynasty with all their retinue making their escape from the rebels, don't you think so, Peter?" Abbie asked excitedly.

"Wouldn't doubt it at all," I replied; and, in fact, I am quite sure that's just what it was. It was certainly a pig-tail rush, that's sure.

But we had more fun ahead of us. Talk about expert gunnery; say,

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those little Japs have us all trimmed to a standstill. I'll tell you why I think so. A minute or two after we hove in sight of the Empire of the Rising Sun, Abbie, for a little joke, dropped the lunch-box, thinking it would light in Tokio; but it had no sooner left her hands than—bang! that little box of pasteboard was blow all to smithereens. They thought we had dropped a bombshell, I suppose, and decided to put it out of business—which they did in first-class shape. Didn't we give them three cheers and a tiger? We certainly did; and Abbie, in her enthusiasm, made them a present of our Canadian flag.

But I mustn't make this story too long.

If we hadn't made such excellent time coming across the Pacific, it would have been a pretty monotonous journey, for sea and sky and sky and sea get sort of tiresome after a time, don't you know.

On crossing the International Date Line, we ran up against a mighty ticklish problem I can tell you, and Abbie and I had quite a long discussion about it. You see, if we were to put our "log-book" back one day of twenty-four hours (and we were calculating on making the whole trip in nine hours), we would scientifically, geographically, aeronautically, as it were, be doing the whole thing in fifteen hours less than no time, don't you know. Now that's going some isn't it?

As Abbie was anxious by this time

to get back on home soil, I headed our Bird of Paradise direct for Cape Flattery, which we soon reached. Swerving slightly northward, we heard a yelling which at first seemed as vicious and as unintelligible as that we had heard at Pekin; but on drawing nearer, and listening attentively. It resolved itself into the familiar slogan:

"Hoover! Hoover!
"Who? Vancouver!"

"Hurrah for Canada!" shouted Abbie, so enthusiastically that I thought she'd loose her head and fall off her seat. "Oh, what did I give those silly Japs my flag for?" she added. And then, as we soared over our noble Rockies and our fertile Western prairies, we sang as only two patriotic home-coming Canucks can sing. "Men of the North," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and, last of all, "God Save the King."

By this time we had reached the boundary of old Ontario, and it was only a few minutes until we dropped gently and silently down on our own aviation ground. As we alighted, the dear girl threw her arms about my neck, and as joyful tears coursed down her now florid cheeks, whispered:

"Wasn't it worth waiting for, Peter dear?"

"Glad you enjoyed it, Abbie," I responded heartily. Here I glanced at my watch and added triumphantly:

"Five o'clock to the minute."

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 10.)

"For what? De ole man's pay likely?—Mon Dieu! For de fur I take or for de ole man to die and leave for me his trap lines? Not by much. I wait for you. I know you come back from de Miss'on sometime. I wait. I wait long. Now I will be still no more. Always from de first day you come I love you. Now I will marry you. That man at Lone Lac; where he come from?—Who is he? Honest men they do not hide at Lone Lac. You think so? He come play his cards. Ver' well. I play mine in turn. De trumps maybe. Wanota tell me he talk, talk, talk to you mos' all de night." The soft dangerous voice dropped still lower, and the half-breed threw a glance over his shoulder. It was the glance of an Indian; swift, cold, cruel.

A sudden fear turned the girl's heart to ice. She caught her breath with a helpless sob. In the man's grasp her wrists quivered.

"Oh, Francois!" she cried again, "let me go, please! You hurt me."

The cynical face changed, and a passionate wistfulness swept over it.

"Ah, it is not you I would hurt," he said, loosening his hold. "Not you. I hav' frighten you. Your pardon, leetle Nance. I let you go. . ."

Nance broke from him and ran, on and on, up to the old man's shack.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER leaving Wanota, Dick Wynn went towards the lake. He had not counted on going after moose that day. What he had counted on was seeing Nance. Now he probably would not be back for twenty-four hours. He had been up at the old man's log-house every day, but since the night of their long talk he had not seen Nance. He wondered why, although the excuses given for her absence by McCullough or Wanota had sounded plausible enough.

Well he knew that the ways of a girl are past finding out, yet he wrathfully determined on an explanation of these absences when next they met, and gloomily concluded that it must have taken considerable planning to elude him so long.

Altogether he was in a bad frame of mind. He hated shooting moose. They always seemed to him the rightful kings of the country, and when he brought one down he grimly imagined he felt about as a socialistic Irish sharp-shooter might who had just picked off his landlord.

If the old man wanted fresh moose-

meat, it must be got, but he hoped in his heart that Francois, whose canoe swept nearer each moment, had some aboard.

Midstream the boats met. Wynn dipped his paddle deep, and stopped. The half-breed kept on his way, his paddle flashing, and disappearing rhythmically, although his canoe was heavily loaded and low in the water.

"Hold hard, Francois!" Wynn hailed him. "Have you moose?"

The other shook his head. "No moose," he called back, not pausing.

"Too bad!" returned the man. "I hoped you had. That's all, thanks."

Leaning on his paddle he looked after the Indian. "Now, I wonder," he mused—"He's such a cheerful liar."

However, he decided there was nothing for it but to go on, so he stopped at his shanty for a rifle, hard biscuits, and a blanket.

The lake was rock-bound at the north, and perhaps at its widest eight miles across. Northwest it emptied into a branch of the Little Smokey River, but due west narrowed between huge hills, for the most part blue-black, with their terraced covering of spruce, though one here and there was ragged-walled, stone-ribbed, and desolately bare. Wynn steered his light craft in that direction. Midway out, the lake glittered deeply blue, but he drew near shore where it was dark and still, and mirrored the great trees.

Indian summer swung her gauzy veil across the gold of the noon-day sun and the dreamy azure of the sky, and the air was heavy with perfume of dying leaves and pine-needles; the forest's offering of frankincense and myrrh.

Further along the hills grew fewer and seemed to melt down into waves of wooded land, mottled here and there with green and black muskegs, treacherous, horrible places, shining with an evil lustre in patches, and offering foot-hold, yet sinking beneath the lightest step.

About here some little streams hurried down to the lake; one larger than the rest had been dammed long since and turned into a beaver meadow thick-set with sedge and overgrown by lily-pads. Moose came to this place to feed on the lily roots, and small water-loving beasts haunted it. For a few miles the other side of the pond the land was comparatively level, but beyond again, it was rough and boulder-strewn, while in one small barren spot some salt springs had coated a rock with their white powder. Many

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feet had beaten hard paths to these salt-licks. Here the great moose monarch brought his following; elk and deer knew the spot, and even the sheep of the mountains, blithering simple things, found their way to it driven by their craving, and led by some mysterious sense of direction.

Wynn found a channel where he could paddle into the marsh. A colony of beaver industriously troweling mud on the roofs of their houses, stared at him glassily, then in wild panic, went below. The water beaded a moment by their going, settled back into its oily calm. A heavy stillness brooded over the place. In the windless air the rushes did not rustle, and there was no sound of water-fowl or insect. Overhead the blue was clouded by the autumn haze, beneath were only the metallic colours of the frost-touched marsh growth—beautiful, yet lifeless. A sense of death and desolation closed down upon it all.

Somewhere in the hills a loon gave its long dolorous cry. Then silence came back. To Wynn it seemed as though he might be the last living man in the last world. His fret of temper left him. A consuming desire to get his moose and leave this desolation, swept all else before it. A swift remembrance of the old man's living room came to him. As a picture grows in a sorcerer's crystal ball, so on the marsh water he saw appear a vision of that room of comfort, with the hearth-fire, the twisted chairs, and in one of them Nance herself with the light setting her hair a-glitter. The warmth of home was in the picture, and it took away the edge of the chill that had crept over him.

If Nance McCullough had kept out of his way, he thought, it was for a whim, a caprice, a fancy. So much the better. The joy of pursuit would be his, the satisfaction of capture; and then—well, what would they say of her in Washington and London, he wondered. The critics might line up, one and all. Let them. He had not intended to stay the winter through at Lone Lake. Not more than a month or two of it perhaps. The battle was about over, and the rest could be fought out anywhere. Now the question of going was dropped. He awaited the old man's pleasure.

At the far side of the beaver-meadow Wynn beached the canoe and padded on his moccasins up country between the young trees. In spring there would be a web of bloom on the ground, but now it was rusty-gold with leaves the frost had ruined. The moose loved this land about the outskirts of the lake, though to-day there was no sign of big game. He waited, listening, and swore softly for failing to bring a calling-horn. A fawn that had not outgrown its dappled coat, brushed through the birch not far off. A fox crossed his path in a sharp red streak. Some rabbits, whitening for winter, rose from their forms and were gone. The little plump people of the under-world,—the field mice and moles, roused sleepily as he passed, and dozed again.

Wynn strode on towards the rougher land slowly, after stopping to eat his hard-tack beside a brook. The short day drew in. He stopped often, listening keenly. The golden film over the hills shaded to violet. A white ptarmigan passed him. Once, he heard a faint snapping of branches and the rustling of a big body through the trees, followed by the rattle of antlers against bark.

Sound-guided, he trailed back towards the beaver-meadow, reaching it in time to see the dusky body of a moose slip into the water and swim out lazily under cover of the lily-pads. He raised his rifle, sighted, then lowered it. A shot at that distance was uncertain, and there was no overtaking the game, for his canoe was far down shore. A sensation of sickening disappointment went through him.

The rusted lily-pads curled and uncurled about the big moving head. The antlers drifted across the pond, into the narrow channel and out to the lake.

Wynn turned and did not watch. It was sunset when he reached the salt-licks. A little hill rose behind these

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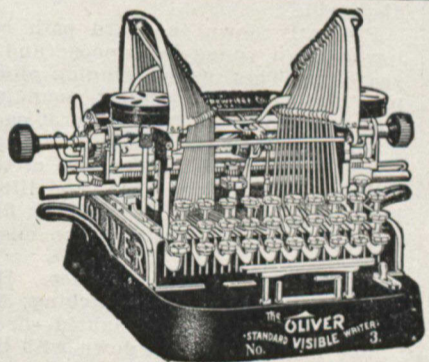
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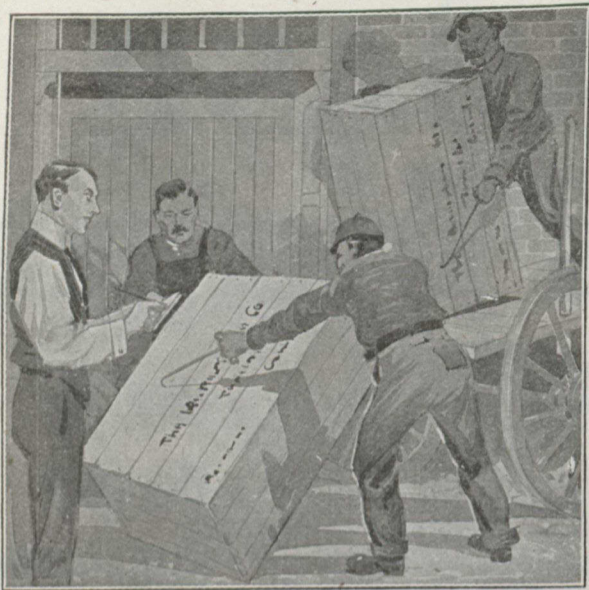
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rocks, and was crowned by a clump of young birch that had grown circle-wise, and bent in such fashion that their drooping branches touched and they formed a natural shelter not unlike the willow wickiups* of the desert Indians of Shoshone Land.

The man knew the spot and climbed to it. He had eaten his supper of biscuit, so now he took out his pipe and smoked. A restless desire to get away from this unpeopled place and back to the yellow candle-light and fire-glow of the old man's shack seized him, and held him and wearied him. He was tired—tired to death of being alone. He would shorten the night by sleep he at last resolved; would "will to sleep," whatever thoughts tormented him.

The silver-grey moon sailed down the sky companioned by the stars, and shone through the twig-laced chinks of his tent. Two white owls, lantern-eyed fly-by-nights, brushed the roof of it.

A coyote glided across the hoof-beaten path below the hill and scented the air, but the moon troubled him more than his half-roused suspicions. The sun and the stars he knew, but the moon that sometimes bloomed like a red wonder-flower in the sky, and sometimes was small and sharp of edge as a hunter's knife, and again floated high, white and ominous, and ringed with violet that foretold storms,—the moon troubled him, and he howled at it bitterly for many minutes. A little cold wind blew up and swayed the birch-branches, but the man slept unheeding.

In the twilight of the morning Wynn found himself suddenly awake and listening. His nerves tingled with the feeling that he was being watched—and watched by some hidden thing. Rising on one elbow he listened, peering through the low branches.

No,—nothing was near. Nothing that he could see.

"Probably a beastly bob-cat," he said, throwing off the unpleasant sensation with an effort, and stretching mightily, for he was stiff from the night-chill. "Queer—but I invariably have that uncanny feeling when there's a bob-cat about."

Rising, he pushed the swaying branches apart. A ghostly pearl-white mist shrouded the lonesome hill and draped the land, making it impossible to see far, but it seemed to the man that he caught the faint sound of hoof-beats. In a moment more he was sure, and it was good to him to hear a sound definite, and indisputable.

Presently down the hard path below came a young bull moose and a yearling. They were swinging along together at their peculiar pounding trot, and made playful lunges at each other apparently in the highest spirits.

As they came up to the base of the hill the bull stopped dead, and lifted his head inquiringly. He stood in fine relief, a silhouette against the misty light.

It was the man's chance. His nerves were tense with watching; his rifle already raised. He sighted—fired.

The young bull went down with the shot,—quivered dreadfully, straightened, and was still. The yearling looked on in wild-eyed wonder, then bolted, and was lost among the half-grown tamaracs.

The man drew a long breath. He had done what he hated to do, and was glad it was over. Taking his knife he started down hill. As he halted a moment by the dead moose, a bullet whizzed over his shoulder. The report rang against the rocky hills, and passed.

Wynn stood as though petrified. The leather rifle-rest stitched on the shoulder of his corduroy coat had been cut slightly by the bullet.

Swinging about he lifted his hands to his mouth and gave a long, clear "Hal—loo" twice.

"Unpleasantly close," he commented with a soft whistle. "Now what fool Indian mistook me for big game?—Or—or did any fool-Indian? There's a

*"Wickiup" willows planted in a circle drawn over to an arch, and tied about with withes. These form a sort of tent, much used by the desert Indians of Southern California and Mexico.

chance that some half-mad or overbold Trapper has strayed into the haunted territory—just one chance. However, as the College boys used to say, "I've put him wise."

Wynn still stood by the moose, his far-sighted eyes sweeping the rough land. The mist was rising now, and the Eastern sky turned golden and pink, while over the ground was a silver net of hoar-frost.

As he was about to turn to his work, a second bullet sang over his shoulder. This time the corduroy was bitten into beneath the rifle rest.

The man caught his breath sharply, and his eyes blazed. He gave a short, hard laugh. "Fancy shooting! There's a method in that madness. He's not shooting to kill—but to let me know he can kill—when he gets good and ready."

Again he searched the land about him. No puff of smoke showed through the trees. "Francois, I believe!" Wynn asserted half-aloud. "It may be his dislike for me is becoming concrete;—at least, there is no other such shot hereabouts. He may hide behind the tamaracs, or the alders. Possibly he prefers rock shelter. In the direction from whence those shots came a man has his choice of cover. I'll give him ten minutes to fire again, and then he will go, I believe—shod in silence. I won't take to the timber. It wouldn't be of the slightest use. Sooner or later I should emerge, and then,—Oh, my enemy! Another shot, and this one through the heart. First the torture, then the kill. To prolong the torture is to defer the death. No! I will not take to cover. There is one chance. By defying him long enough I may get it. I apologise to all wild-cats. Francois and they are of no kin. He is brother to the adder in the grass, and the copper-head."

Probably the man did not know that he spoke. He watched for some faintest puff of smoke and waited, standing beside the moose as absolutely still as the stiffening beast.

Just before the allotted ten minutes passed, again came the singing bullet from seemingly farther off. This time it went a trifle deeper and grazed the skin beneath the coat in the same spot where it had been cut before.

When the report died, Wynn took his knife, knelt down and went to work. Whether he guessed rightly or not, nothing further disturbed him, and by noon he started across the marsh, his canoe heavy in the water.

(To be continued.)

Canada's Jubilee

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

A MOST attractive proposal has been made by Mr. C. R. McCullough in an article in The Canadian Courier, which is already being received with marked approval. The suggestion comes with particular appropriateness from Mr. McCullough who was the organizer of the first Canadian Club in Canada, the Canadian Club of Hamilton. In 1917 the Dominion of Canada will celebrate its jubilee, and Mr. McCullough's proposal is that preparations be made to celebrate it by the holding of a great patriotic festival at Ottawa, as well as holding a special celebration of Dominion Day throughout the whole country.

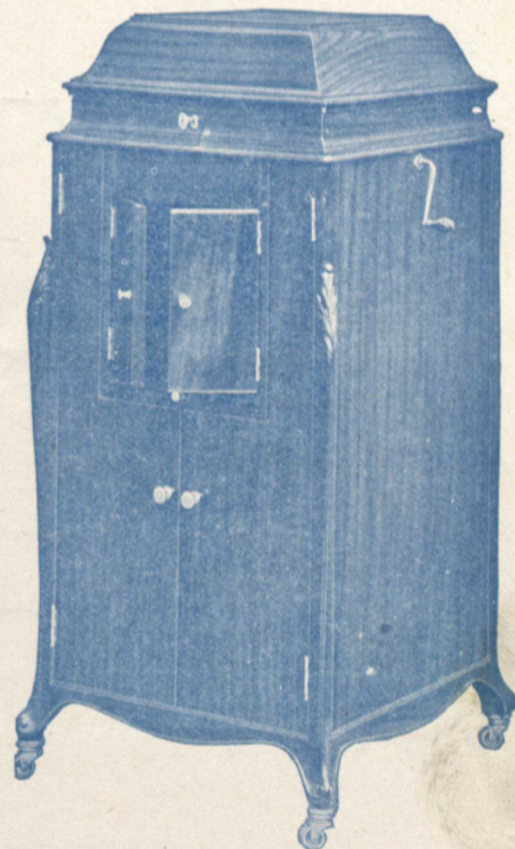
Mr. McCullough proposes that the surviving father of Confederation and all the parliamentarians who have sat in the Senate and Commons since 1867, should reassemble at the Capital, together with the surviving Governors-General and the most distinguished representatives of the various branches of the country's activities. And that these should be the nucleus of a great gathering to receive and welcome Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. Also that representative statesmen of Britain and the Outer Britains, be invited as the nation's guests. The Citizen contributes the suggestion that in the meantime the Government of Canada should erect a fitting memorial to Confederation in the Capital, and that it should be unveiled by His Majesty on Dominion Day, 1917.



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